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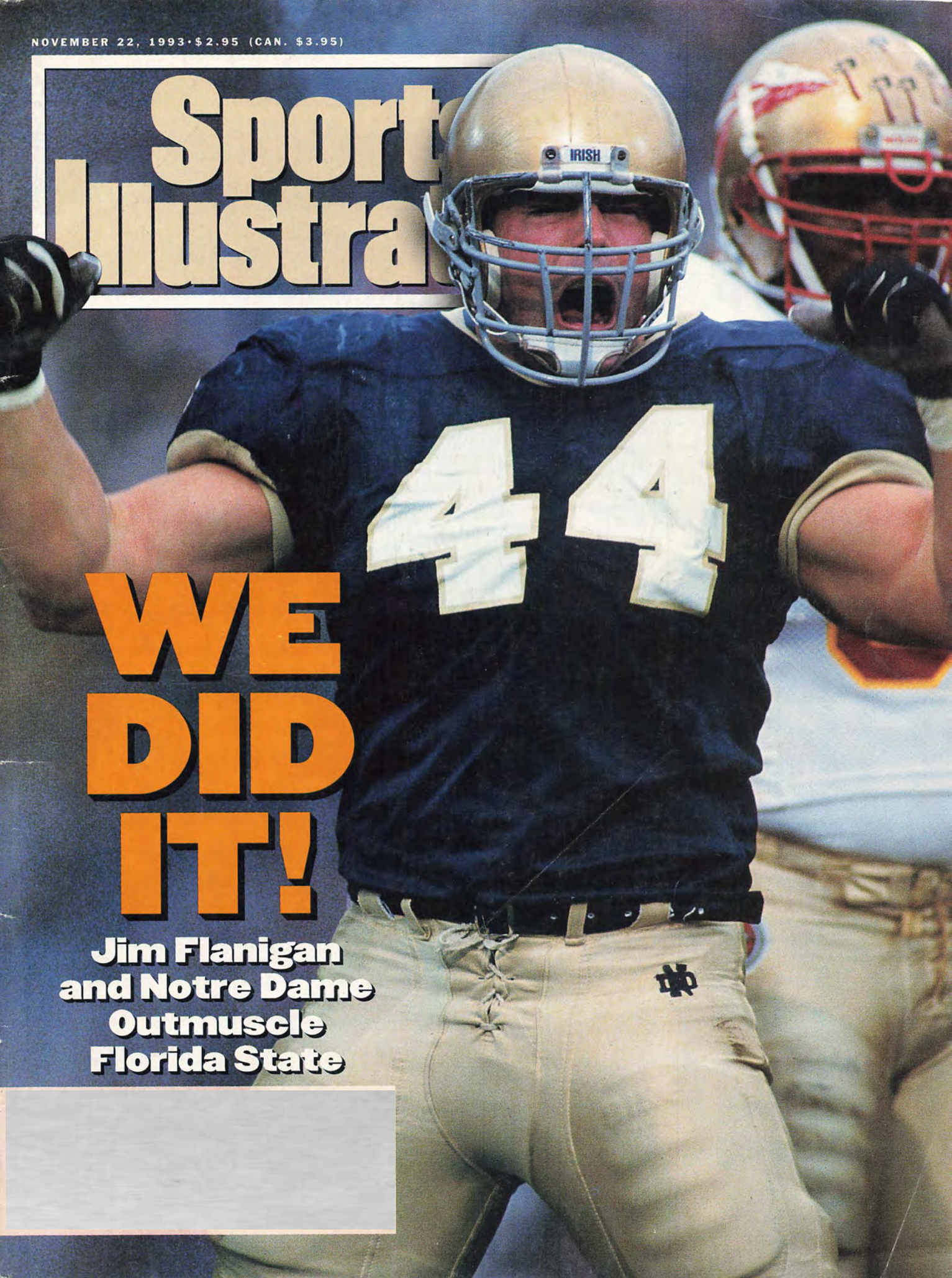

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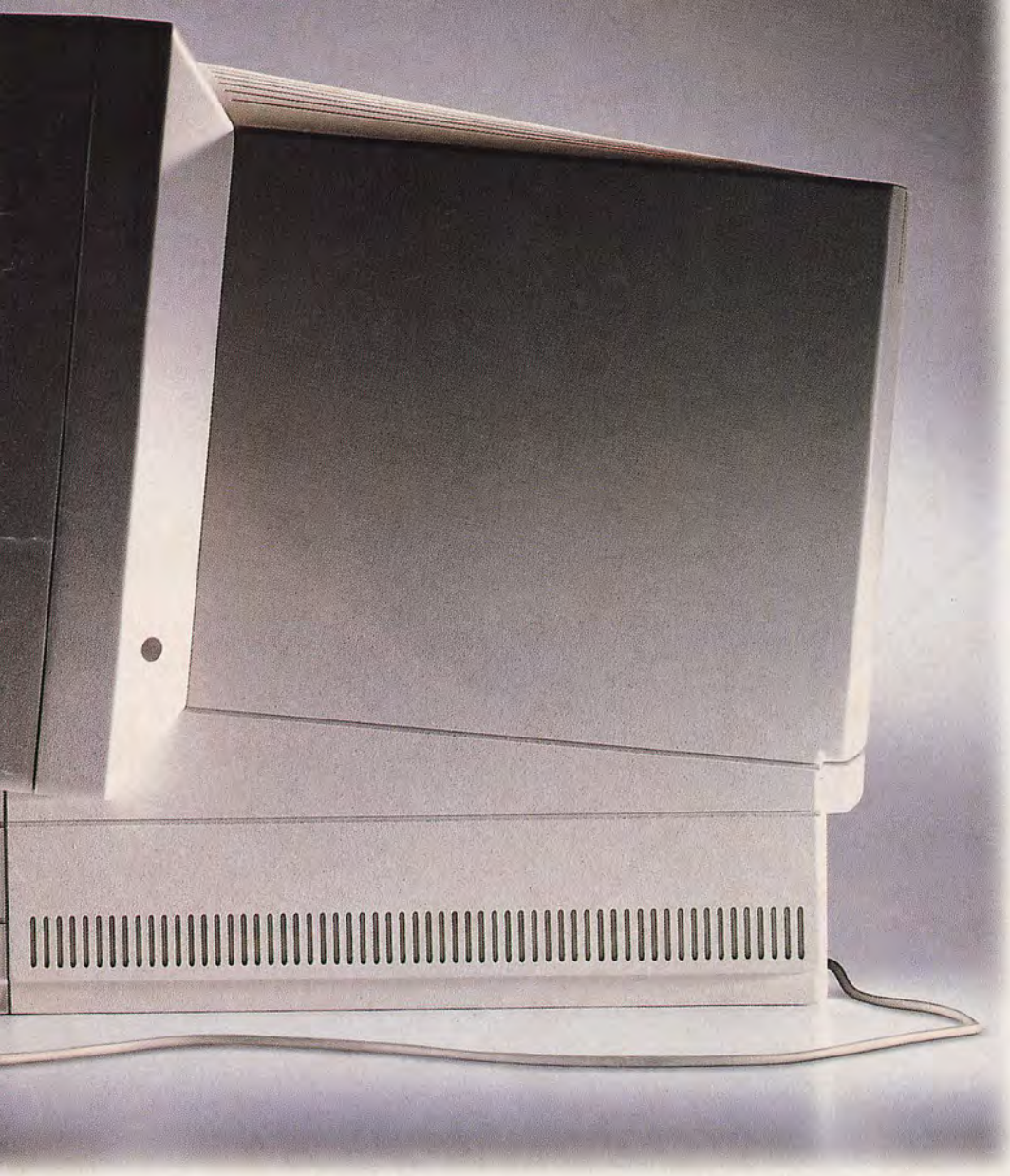

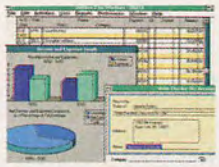

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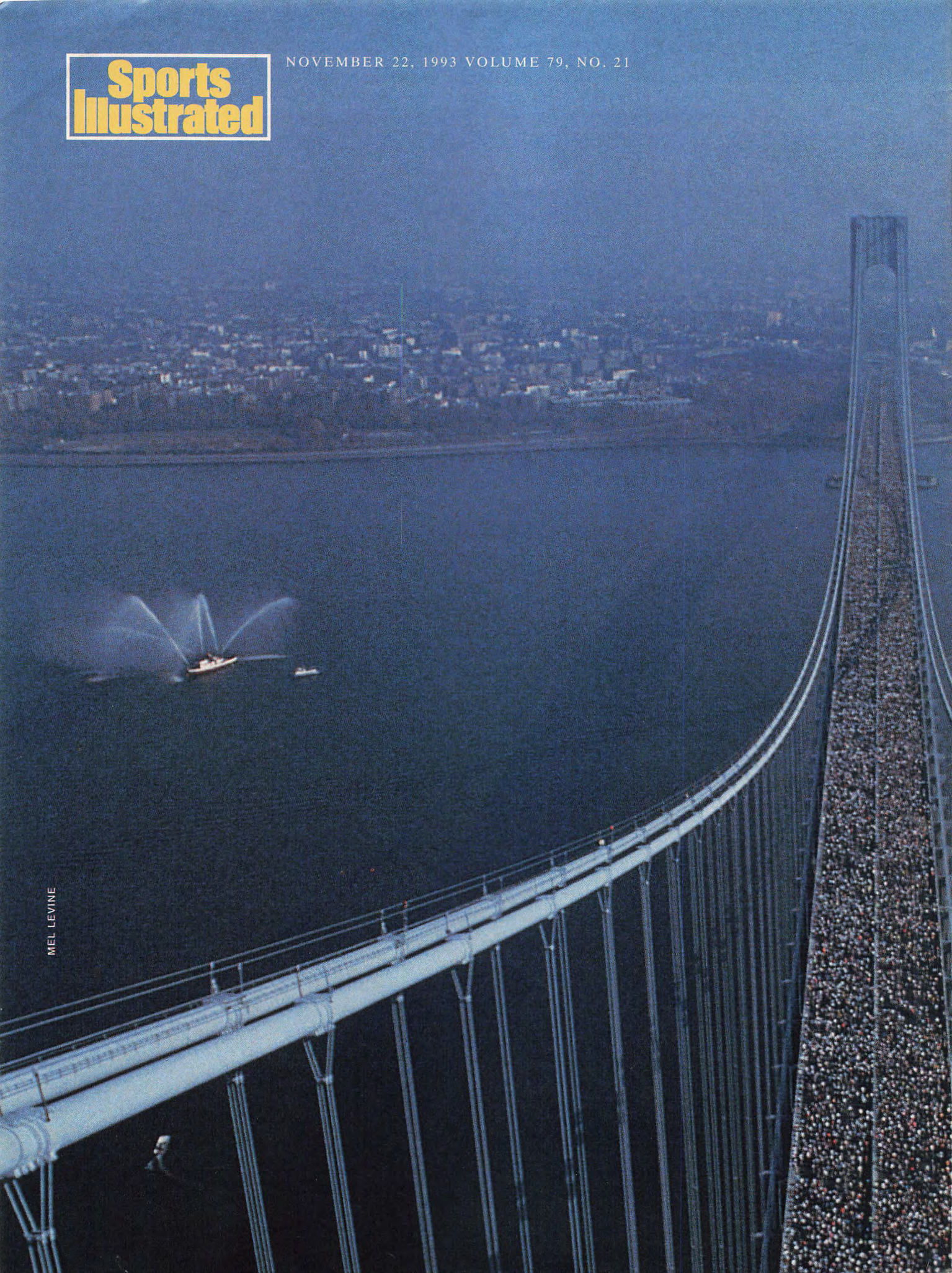

MEL LEVINE

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Faces in the Crowd

Laura Aasen LAKE GENEVA, WIS.

TIM LANDRUM

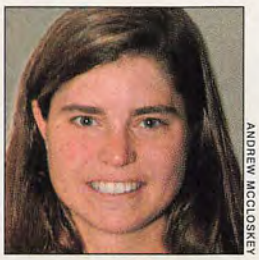
Aasen, a junior at Purdue, broke all 200 clay targets to become the first female collegiate shooter to finish with a perfect score in class singles at the Grand American World Trapshooting Tournament. The Boilermakers, who hit a collegiate record 978 of 1,000 targets, won their ninth straight national title in the event's collegiate division.

Janet Lee RANCHO PALOS VERDES, CALIF.

DANIEL L. HANKIN

Janet, a senior at Palos Verdes Peninsula High, who holds the 18-and-under national hard court and Easter Bowl tennis titles, went undefeated this season for the Panthers. Peninsula High, with four other nationally ranked players, ended the regular season 20–0 to extend its winning streak to 68 since the school was formed, in 1991.

Demer Holleran WYNNEWOOD, PA.


ANDREW MCCLOSKEY

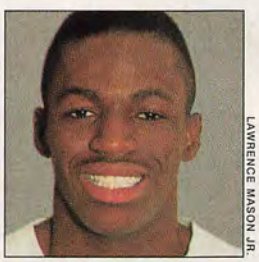
Holleran, 26, the women's squash coach at Penn, beat Ellie Pierce 4–9, 10–8, 9–2, 5–9, 9–6 to win her second straight USSRA national soft ball championship, in San Francisco. Earlier this year Holleran won her fifth consecutive U.S. hard ball title, in Philadelphia, as well as the Pan-American Federation Championship, in Argentina.

Julia Dolce NEW MILFORD, N.J.

CARMINE GALASSO

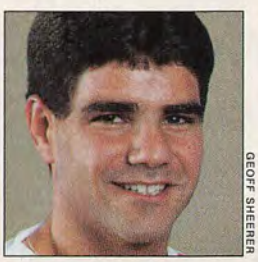
Dolce, 84, won the 50-, 100-, 200-, 400- and 800-meter freestyle races in the 80-to-84 age group at the national long-course masters championships, in Minneapolis. In each event she broke the national record. Dolce holds the 50- and 200-meter short-course and the 1,500 meter long-course age-group freestyle world records.

Marcus Welch SYRACUSE, N.Y.


LAWRENCE MASON JR.

Marcus, a senior at Westhill High, set a state single-game rushing record, with 445 yards on 36 carries, in a 40–12 win over Solvay High. He surpassed the mark of 431 yards, set by John Donner of Starpoint Central High in 1989. In eight games this fall Marcus gained 1,892 yards on 222 carries and made a team-high 139 tackles as a linebacker.

Billy Savarino ORLAND PARK, ILL.


GEOFF SHEERER

Billy, a forward on the Brother Rice High soccer team, broke the Illinois career goals record in a 6–0 victory over Mount Carmel High. Billy had 25 goals as a freshman, 40 as a sophomore, 50 as a junior and 43 this season to establish the mark of 158. The previous record of 142 was set by John Thurow of Hinckley–Big Rock High, in 1988.

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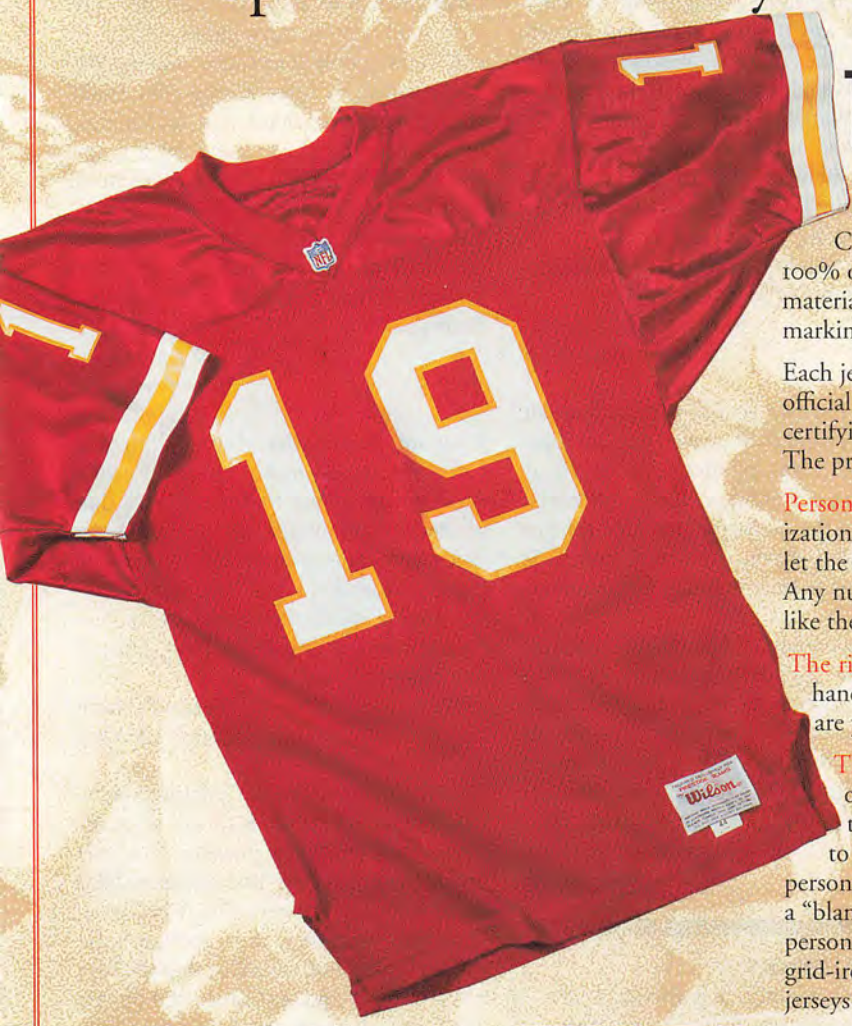

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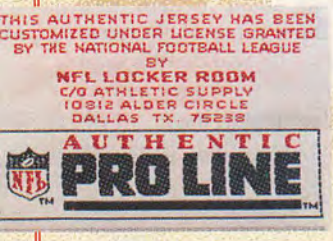

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CB46

Michael Irvin

I commend Sally Jenkins for her story about Michael Irvin (*The Mouth That Roars*, Oct. 25). After learning about Irvin's tough background, I respect him even more. His fun-loving attitude along with his athletic ability and competitiveness make him a joy to watch.

TONY RANCHINO
Arkadelphia, Ark.

As a United Parcel Service driver, I deliver in some neighborhoods like the one in which Michael Irvin grew up. I see and understand what he went through and what great odds he beat to get where he is today. Not many children in such neighborhoods will have a chance to be or even to meet someone of Irvin's caliber. He is a great role model.

TIM KLEPS
Virginia Beach, Va.

It's too bad Irvin doesn't have the class to match his mouth. He could learn a lot from the NFL's best wideout—and one of its best people—Sterling Sharpe. Sharpe has toiled in relative anonymity in Green Bay, while Irvin and Jerry Rice have garnered much attention playing for Super Bowl–caliber teams.

CHAD ANGEL
Iowa City, Iowa

Zambian Soccer

Leigh Montville's story on the tragedy that befell Zambia's national soccer team (*Triumph on Sacred Ground*, Oct. 18) brought tears to my eyes. As a Zambian, I have read many accounts of the airplane crash that killed 30 people, 18 of them players, but none brought out the emotions the way this one did. I grew up with four of the players, Wisdom Chansa, Debby Mankinka, Eustone Mulenga and Robert Watiakeni, and as I read the story and looked at those dramatic pictures, I couldn't help but mourn for my friends once again. Even as I write this letter, my eyes are going glassy.

Thank you for telling the world the story of Zambia's rise from the ashes.

MAIDSTONE MULENGA
Fort Gratiot, Mich.

For the last two years I lived in Lusaka, Zambia's capital. SI arrived late but regularly, and it was my lifeline to American sports. The Zambians in my office also devoured the magazine. Imagine my surprise when, having returned home, SI helped me to keep in touch with Zambian soccer.

I had wondered if I could ever make my American friends understand Zambia's love of soccer, its anguish and sorrow when the national team was lost and its courage in supporting a new team so quickly. Leigh Montville succeeded for me. Nice job.

MARY BARTON-DOCK
Arlington, Va.

Canceled Football

I fought hard to keep my emotions in check as I read your article on the Bridgman (Mich.) Bees and the cancellation of the remainder of their football season (*Generation Gap*, Oct. 25). I played for the Bees in 1957, '58 and '59, their first three years of football. We were not very successful in those days, either—I can recall winning only four times, and we lost many games by huge scores—but I still remember my coaches, my teammates, many opposing players and even many specific plays. Losing almost every week wasn't much fun, but I learned valuable lessons about life from football. Some day the Bridgman players will also realize how much they gained from high school football.

DAVE MATHIEU
Menominee, Mich.

I cannot believe that Gary Smith and Christian Stone would question the grit of today's high school football players simply because an insignificant team like the Bridgman Bees cannot muster enough players to field a team. The fact is, colleges today are recruiting players who are bigger, stronger and faster than those of glorious yesteryear.

BRIAN K. HARR
St. Clairsville, Ohio

Gary Smith's story hit the nail right on the head. It makes me sick to see so many youths quitting things because of a little unfair treatment or a little criticism. Kids these days are exactly what Chris Reimers Sr. says they are—spoiled little wusses. They have to realize that life isn't a bed of roses and that successful people don't let adversity stand in their way. Where do you think some of the great athletes of today would be if they had quit because someone told them they weren't good enough? Probably at home watching TV with the boycotting Bridgman football players.

AARON LESNIEWSKI
Fulton, Ill.

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH (LEFT); PETER READ MILLER

Standout Wideouts

Everybody is comparing Michael Irvin *(far left)* to the 49ers' Jerry Rice. Could you please tell me how Irvin's stats compare to those of Rice?

TIMOTHY MCCANTS
Albuquerque

	REG.–SEASON GAMES	CATCHES	YARDS	YARDS PER CATCH	TD CATCHES
Irvin Career	72*	301	5,186	17.2	29
Rice 1st 72 games	72	331	6,147	18.6	64
Rice Career	132*	658	10,921	16.6	108**

*Through games of 11/7/93 **NFL record

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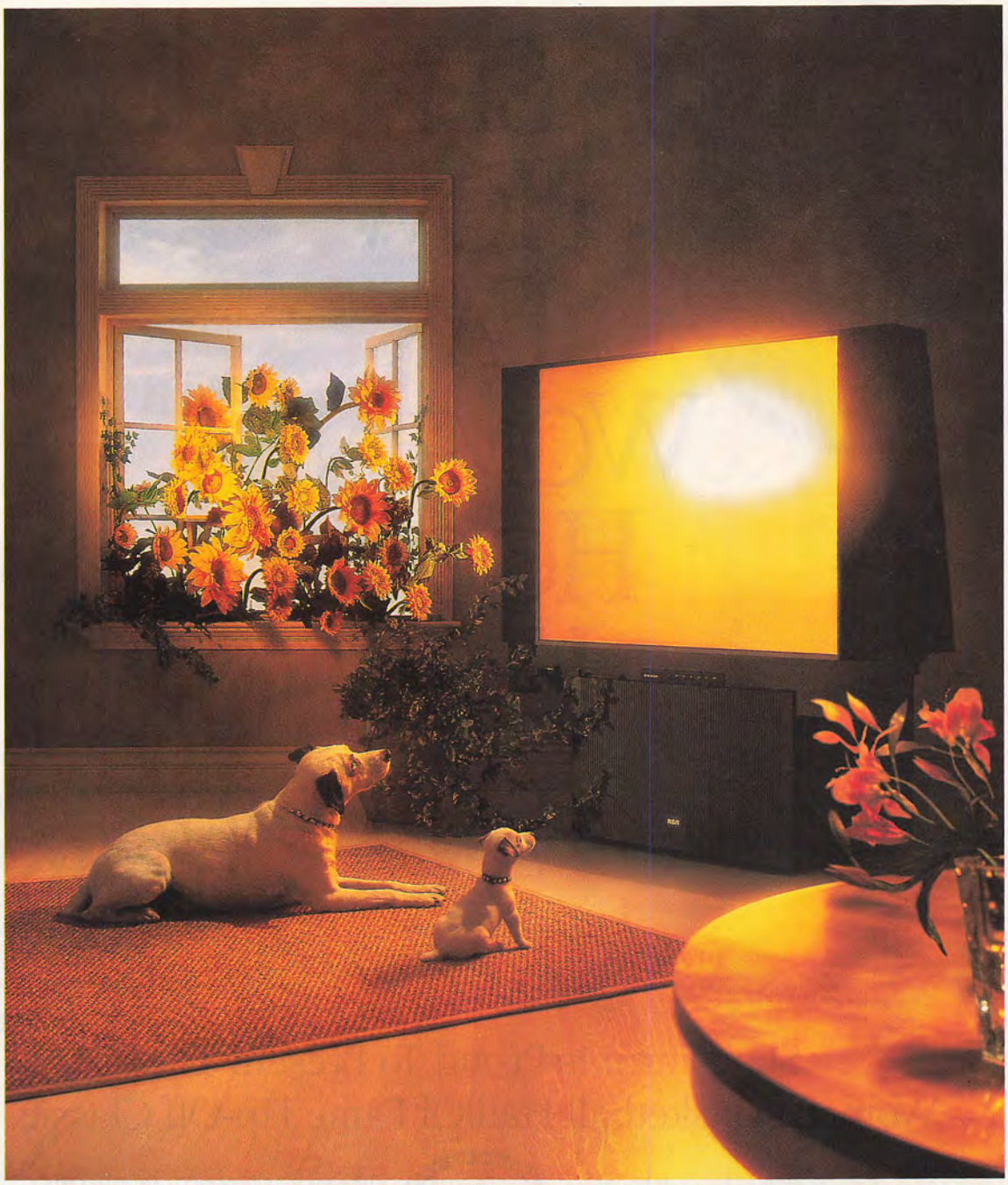

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Women's Hoops
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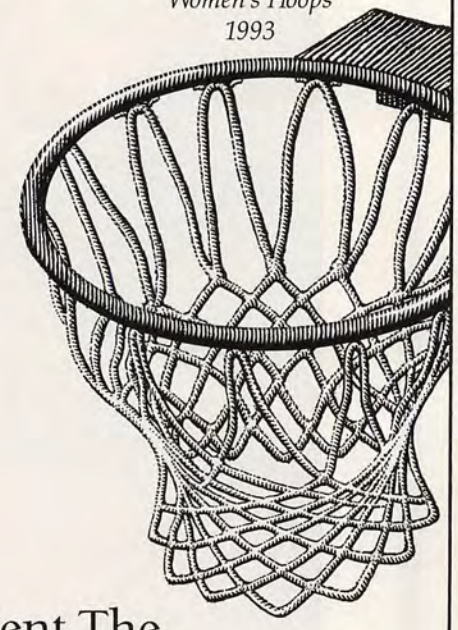

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SCORECARD

Edited by Jack McCallum

Passenger 23E

Fearless, the new Warner Bros. movie about the survivors of a plane crash, opens with a shot of Jeff Bridges walking away from the wreckage out of a cornfield with a baby in his arms. Watching the movie in a Denver theater two weeks ago, Jerry Schemmel, the radio play-by-play voice of the Denver Nuggets, felt a wrenching jolt of recognition. On July 19, 1989, Schemmel, a survivor of one of the most famous plane crashes on American soil, walked out of an Iowa cornfield from the wreckage of United Airlines Flight 232 with a baby in his arms.

Schemmel, then the deputy commissioner and legal counsel of the Continental Basketball Association, and his best friend, Jay Ramsdell, CBA commissioner at the time, had boarded UA 232 in Denver after an earlier flight had been canceled because of mechanical difficulties. The last two passengers to board the DC-10, they took the only available seats, 30G (Ramsdell) and 23E (Schemmel). About one hour into the flight an explosion in one of the engines crippled the craft's hydraulic systems, and the plane crash-landed in Sioux City, Iowa. Schemmel, still strapped to his chair, viewed the horror around him. "The guy next to me was dead," he remembers. "The woman across from me was gone. The flight attendant who'd been in the jump seat facing me was gone." So was Ramsdell, one of 112 victims of the flight.

Schemmel didn't take time to mourn. He and a few others, including two-time U.S. Olympic equestrian Michael Matz, pulled dazed passengers to their feet and literally pushed them out the door. After a few minutes amid the swirling smoke and confusion, Schemmel heard a baby crying from inside the wreckage, crawled back into the plane on all fours and found the child partially buried in debris. "I pulled her up, got on my feet, got out and took off running," he says. The baby, Sabrina Michaelson, was reunited with her mother and father, Lori and Mark, who also survived the crash.

Initially Schemmel felt violated by the film, as if his life had been "ripped off," but upon reflection he has softened. "If it comes across as a way to understand how a crash victim might feel, that's fine," he says. "But I think the filmmakers exploited the people involved. They should have informed us the movie was being made, so we would've been ready for it."

Rafael Yglesias, who wrote both the screenplay and the novel on which the film was based, says that the Bridges character is not based on any single individual and that he drew his material from news accounts of several crashes.

Schemmel does give the film a thumbs-up for its depiction of the crash from inside the aircraft. "People ask me what it was like," says Schemmel, "and I say, 'Take a look at that last scene, when Bridges flashes back to the crash. That's what I saw from seat 23E.' "

Situation Norm-al

Only six weeks into his first season in Texas, Dallas Star owner Norm Green is threatening to move his NHL franchise. He has expressed disenchantment with the absence of skyboxes in Reunion Arena, with the Stars' attendance (about 14,200 per game) and with the NBA Mavericks' control of arena advertising.

Last season, after complaining of flagging attendance and a cumbersome lease agreement, Green moved his team from the hockey-friendly Twin Cities to the football-mad Lone Star State, and, all things considered, the Stars aren't doing that badly. Their record at week's end stood at 8-8-4, and attendance, while below Green's absurd projections (he wanted to sell 12,500 season tickets), is acceptable in a town that lives and dies with the oblate spheroid.

Green may not be as unpopular in Big D as he was in Minnesota, where last season a fan called him "a greedy, money-hungry, egotistical, country-club-seeking lizard." But he's making a run at it.

Bring in the Ringers

Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson and Larry Bird are gone, and Charles Barkley swears he'll be history by next season. But we have an ideal, not to mention patriotic, solution to the alarming problem of what these retirees will do with all the time on their hands. Two words: *team handball*. The sport stresses agility, quickness, court sense, jumping and that near-mystical knack of deking defenders while hanging in the air. America's best basketball players have never taken to the sport—indeed, most of them are unaware of its existence—so the U.S. is usually swallowed up on the international stage by teams like France and Sweden. *(Sweden?)* But that could all change with a few personnel adjustments on the national team.

Believe it or not, U.S. Team Handball

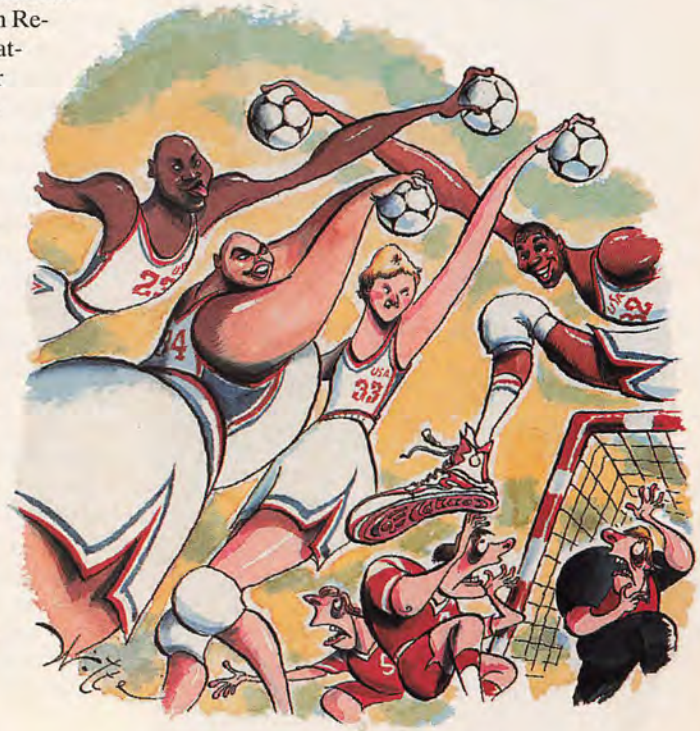

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL WITTE

SCORECARD

But What Has She Done Lately?

If you find yourself wailing that today's athletes don't match up to those of yore, consider 1993 Villanova graduate **Nnenna Lynch** *(above)*, who last week was named the NCAA's Woman of the Year. She'll probably change your mind.

A 1,500- and 3,000-meter runner, Lynch finished her Wildcat career as an eight-time All-America. In 1992 she was the NCAA outdoor 3,000-meter champion and reached the final of the Olympic trials. Meanwhile, she maintained a 3.93 grade point average and became the first Rhodes scholar in the 150-year history of Villanova. And she accomplished all that while working part-time as a model.

Is that it? Not really. The NCAA, which chose Lynch from 500 nominees, also pointed to her work in a Philadelphia soup kitchen and to her role in founding Athletes Against Alcohol (Abuse). Lynch says her dream is to open a network of community centers for underprivileged youth after she completes her studies in social anthropology at Oxford. "I talk to reporters all the time about Nnenna," says Villanova coach **Marty Stern**. "I just say, 'She should be president.' "

Give her time.

This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

Don King, who was inexplicably invited to speak at Penn's Wharton School of Business last week, urged the future CEOs to "rhapsodize and soliloquize."

They Said It

• **Bert Sugar**, editor of *Boxing Illustrated*, on ballyhooed heavyweight **Tommy Morrison**, who recently suffered his second loss as a pro: "Morrison proved that he is an ambidextrous fighter. He can get knocked out with either hand."

Federation executive director Mike Cavanaugh has been thinking precisely along those lines. "Of the 16 players on our squad for the '96 Olympics, at least one will be a name player from another sport," says Cavanaugh. The No. 1 name he's thinking about is M. Jordan, who is more than welcome, says Cavanaugh, to bring along a few of his friends.

Kept Keeper

A ruling expected within the next three weeks from Colombia's prosecutor-general will determine whether fans at next year's World Cup finals will get to see the man that *World Soccer* magazine has called "the world's most spectacular goalkeeper." René Higuita of Colombia's World Cup team has been held without bail in a Bogotá prison since June 4. Charged with violating Colombia's 1992 antikidnapping law, Higuita faces as much as 10 years in jail if convicted.

Nicknamed El Loco for his mad dashes out of the goal box, Higuita has attracted unwanted attention for his association with drug lord Pablo Escobar, one of the world's most wanted fugitives. Higuita was first linked with Escobar when he visited the jailed cocaine kingpin in July 1991, a year before Escobar escaped the luxury prison, which he had accessorized with a hot tub, a 60-inch TV and a private soccer field.

Now Higuita stands accused of improper involvement in a kidnapping case. Without police permission he negotiated the release of the daughter of Luis Carlos Molina, a former associate of Escobar's, after she was snatched in Medellín last spring. Higuita admits he acted as a go-between but says he did so solely for humanitarian reasons—and an alleged $50,000 fee.

If the prosecutor-general, who concluded his investigation on Nov. 9, believes he acted altruistically, Higuita may be freed immediately and would likely rejoin the Colombian national team.

Being There

Nobody has ever claimed that Lincoln, Neb., is a cultural mecca. But aren't the folks at the University of Nebraska's public relations department trying just a bit too hard to dispel that image of isolation? We hereby offer highlights from page 24 of the school's football media guide, in which the earnest Huskers try to convince the reader that, hey, big-city life is practically around the corner. (Remember: We are not making this up.)

• *Kansas City (194 miles) is known for the best barbecue in the Midwest along with top-notch amusement parks.*

• *Chicago, an easy eight-hour drive from Lincoln, is home to the NBA World Champion Chicago Bulls.*

• *Denver (482 miles) offers world renowned skiing in the winter and some of the best white-water rafting in the country during the warmer months.*

• *Minneapolis (391 miles) is home to the nation's largest shopping mall, The Mall of America.*

• *Dallas, nine hours south, is where the Cowboys of the NFL call home.*

What the Huskers fail to point out is that after the "easy eight-hour drive" to Chicago, it's only a token nine-hour flight to London. Don't miss the mummy display at the British Museum!

Scorecard Reporter: Richard O'Brien

LYNCH: JOHN IACONO; KING: ALLSPORT; MAP: STANFORD KAY/PARAGRAPHICS

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Dakota Superiorities	A V-8 compact pickups don't offer	More available power	More available towing	Larger cab & cargo bed	More safety features	Dodge provides the only choice of warranties, our Owner's Choice Protection Plan, offering longest powertrain protection.†
TOYOTA 4X4 XTRA CAB	Available 3.0L V-6 EFI	150 @ 4800 rpm/ 180 @ 3400 rpm	Max - 3500 lbs	72.5 cu ft/41.2 cu ft	No driver's airbag No 4-wheel ABS	3/36 Bumper-to-Bumper & 5/60 Powertrain
FORD RANGER 4X4 SUPERCAB	Available 4.0L V-6 MPI	160 @ 4000 rpm/ 225 @ 2500 rpm	Max - 5600 lbs	75.0 cu ft/35.3 cu ft	No driver's airbag No 4-wheel ABS	3/36 Bumper-to-Bumper
CHEVY S-10 4X4 MAXI CAB	Available 4.3L V-6 CPI	195 @ 4500 rpm/ 260 @ 3600 rpm	Max - 5500 lbs	74.0 cu ft/39.9 cu ft	No driver's airbag Avail. 4-wheel ABS	3/36 Bumper-to-Bumper

A mid-size Dodge Dakota Club Cab packs an available 5.2L Magnum V-8. It can pull trailers up to 6,400 lbs. And it has plenty of room inside for you and your friends. Compared to Dakota, compact club cabs like Toyota, Ranger and S-10 aren't even on the map.

DAKOTA CLUB CAB

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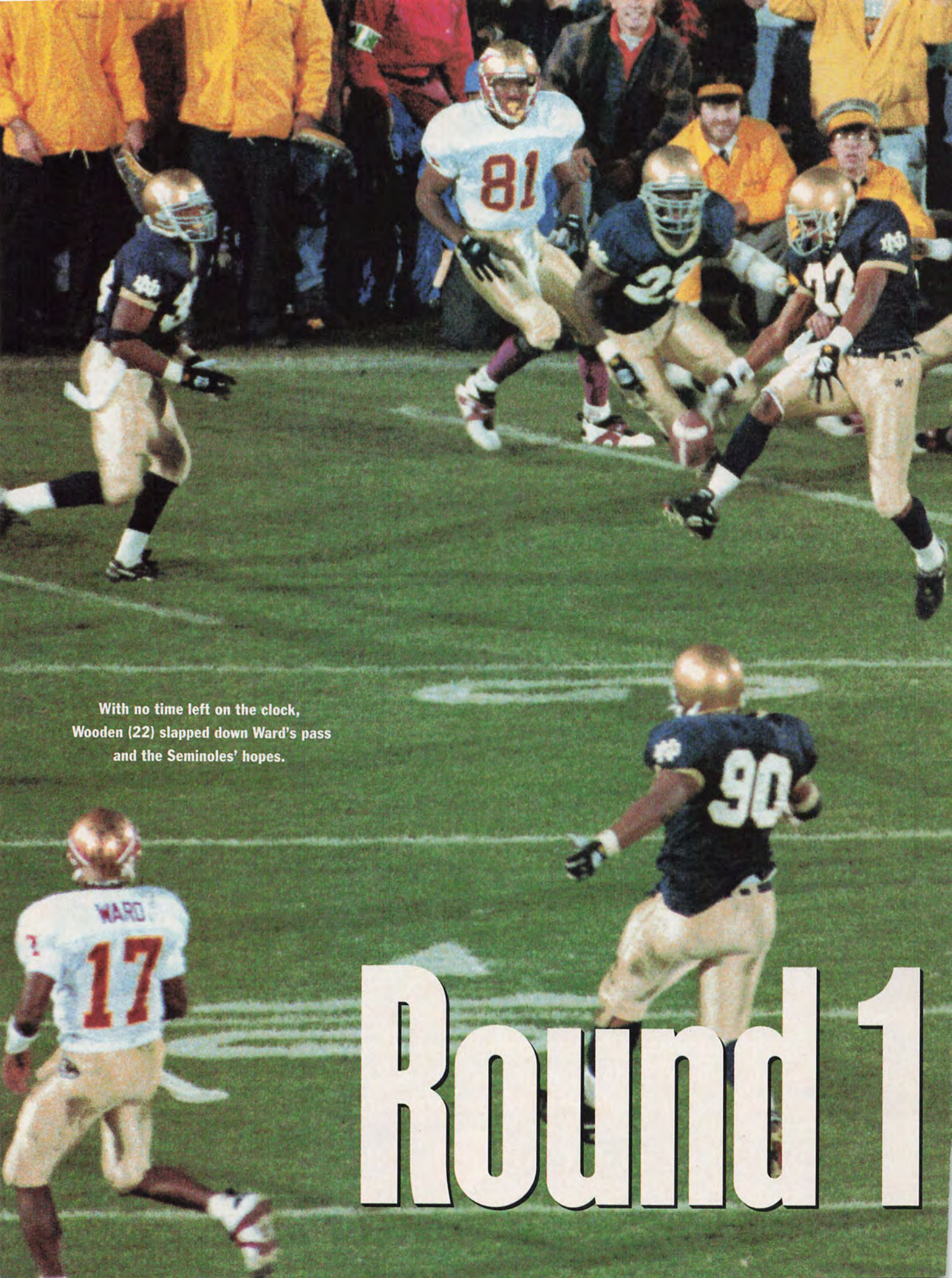
Data based on information available at time of printing, including some '93 competitive data. See dealer for latest information. †See Dodge's limited warranties, restrictions & details at dealer. Normal maintenance, adjustments and wear items excluded. Warranty provisions vary by manufacturer.

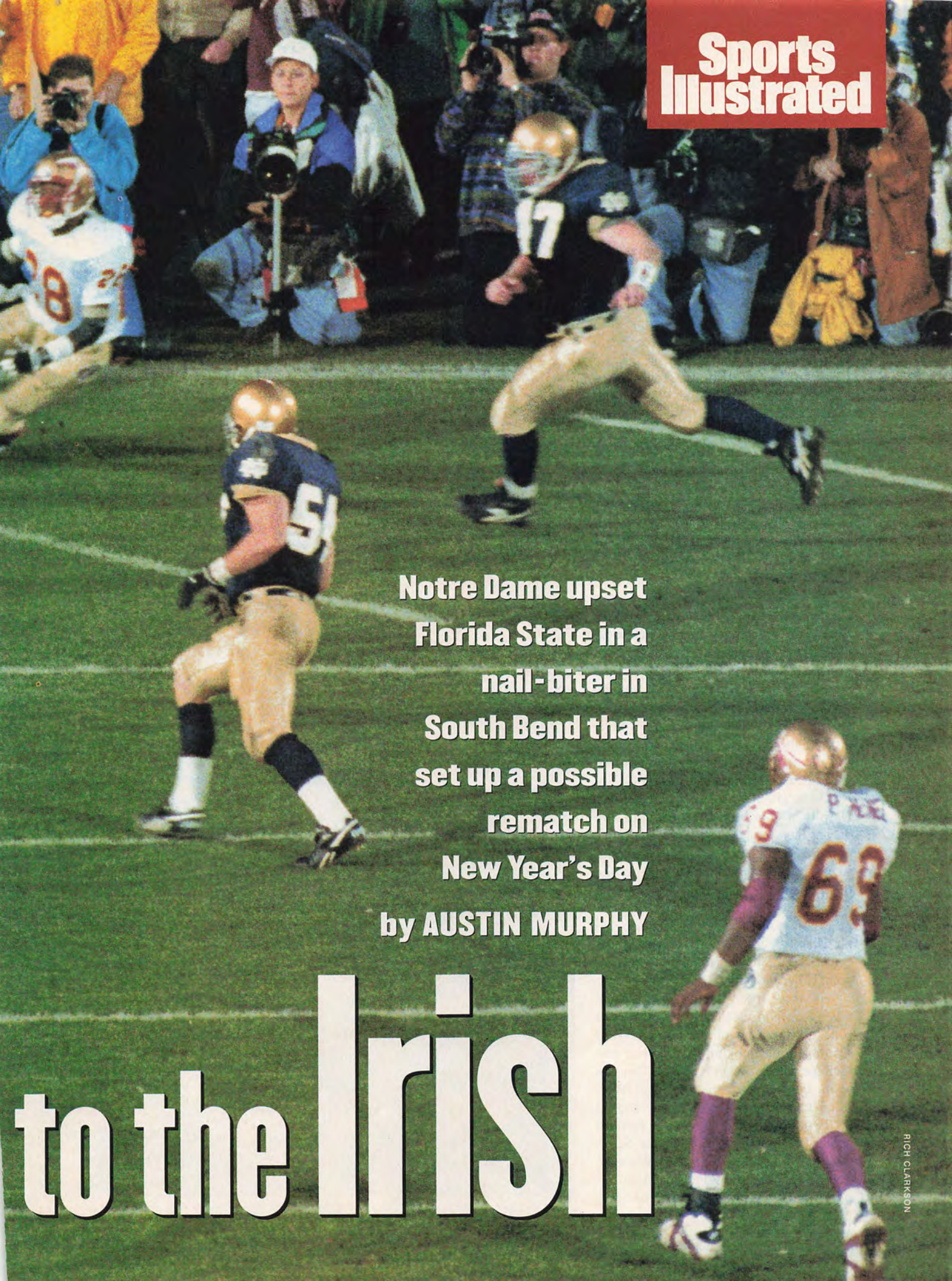
Always wear your seat belt. **TREAD LIGHTLY!**



With no time left on the clock, Wooden (22) slapped down Ward's pass and the Seminoles' hopes.

Round 1

Sports Illustrated



Notre Dame upset Florida State in a nail-biter in South Bend that set up a possible rematch on New Year's Day

by AUSTIN MURPHY

to the Irish

RICH CLARKSON

Visitors are requested to conduct themselves in a manner in keeping with the sacred character of this place.

—PLAQUE BY THE DOOR OF THE BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART ON THE NOTRE DAME CAMPUS

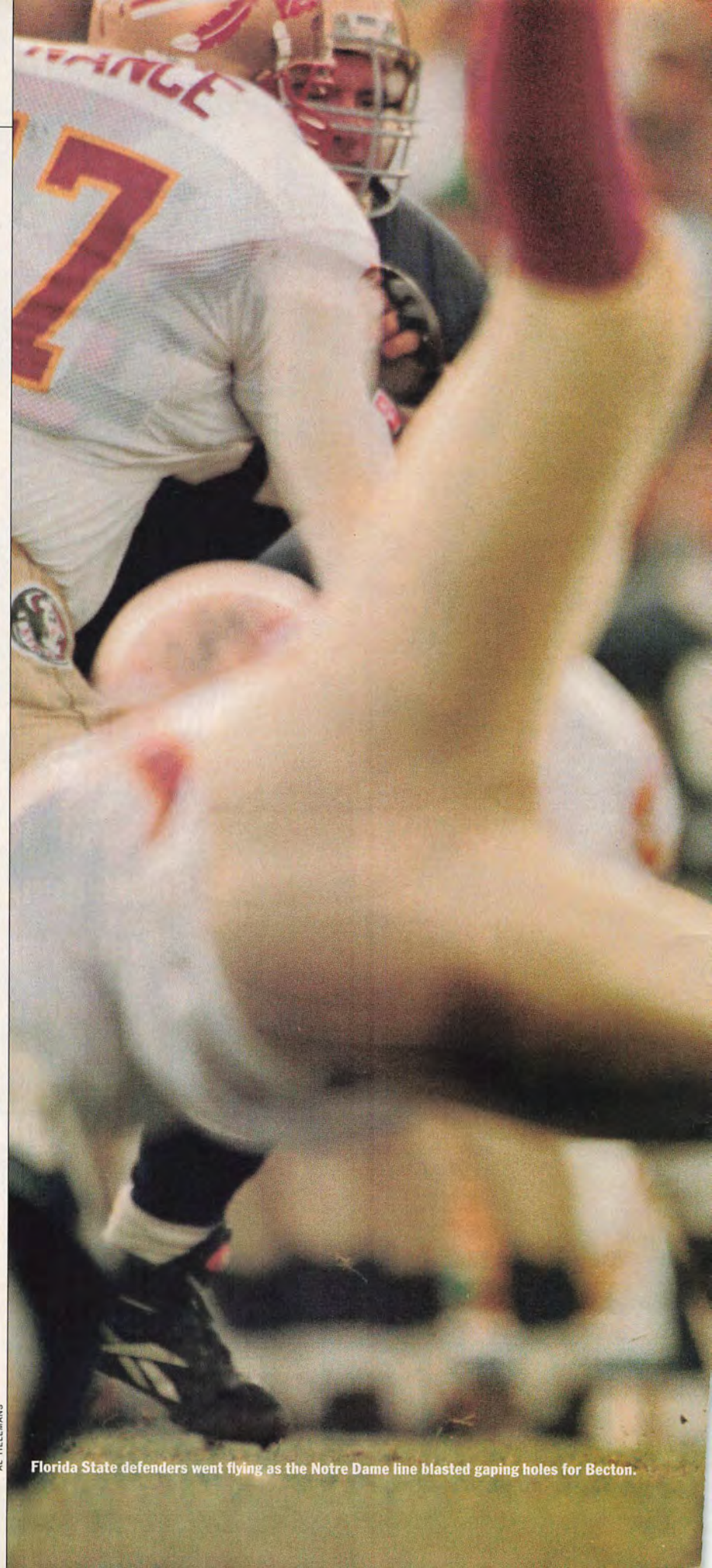
Somebody should put that on a postcard and send it to football teams that have to play at Notre Dame Stadium. Florida State showed up there last Saturday with nine wins, no losses, a No. 1 ranking and a decided lack of reverence for the Notre Dame mystique. Before making the trip from Tallahassee, two Seminole players referred to "Rock Knutne," another to "the Three Horsemen." Wide receiver Tamarick Vanover asked, "What's the Gipper?" And quarterback Charlie Ward announced that he wasn't going to South Bend for a history lesson.

Instead he became part of one: *And this is where Charlie Ward's pass was batted down on the last play of our 31–24 win over Florida State in '93. Charlie won the Heisman. We won the game.*

Pages 361 to 365 of this year's Notre Dame football guide are devoted to "The Big Games." Included are Knute Rockne's 12–6 win over Army in 1928, the 7–0 shutout of Oklahoma in '57 that broke the Sooners' 47-game winning streak, and the 31–30 victory over Miami in '88 that cleared the way for Notre Dame's most recent national title.

Time to expand that section. This game was Big, and, to the delight of NBC, Notre Dame's in-house network, it was tight. Despite a shocking loss of composure during the second quarter, despite being dominated for long stretches on both sides of the line of scrimmage, and despite the fact that their coach, Bobby Bowden, was outfoxed by his Notre Dame counterpart, Lou Holtz, the Seminoles were in a position to score a touchdown on the game's final play and then try for a two-point conversion and a 32–31 win.

With three seconds to go Florida State was 14 yards from the Notre Dame end zone. Flushed out of the pocket, Ward scrambled left, looking for Vanover and then for flanker Kevin Knox. Neither was open. Finally Ward spied tailback Warrick Dunn deep in the end zone and let fly. Two things happened almost simultaneously, neither felicitous for the Seminoles: Irish cornerback Shawn Wooden, who had recovered a Florida State onside kick a couple of minutes earlier, bat-

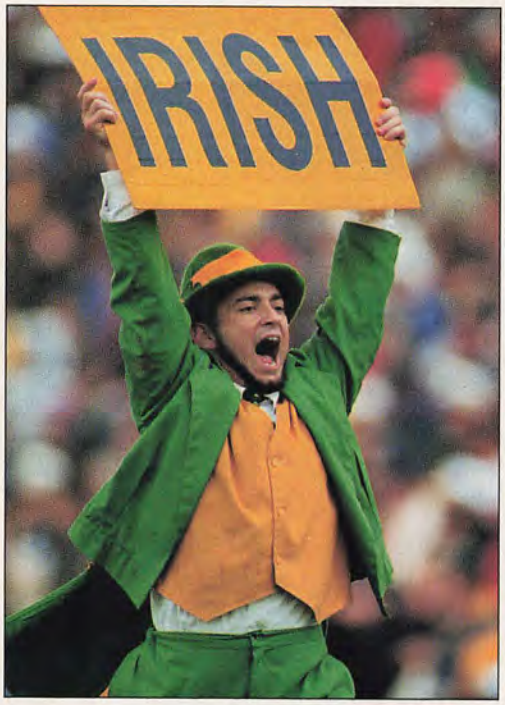


AL TIELEMANS

Florida State defenders went flying as the Notre Dame line blasted gaping holes for Becton.

ted the ball to the ground, and delirious Notre Dame players, fans and musicians bolted onto the field. In that instant a reshuffling took place at the summit of college football.

You knew Saturday's showdown would be a mondo game when Spike Lee, a fan of Ward's, and Phil Donahue, a Notre Dame alum, decided to put in appearances. By Friday the South Bend exit off the Indiana Tollway had become a bazaar for scalpers and seekers of tickets. Motorists simply pulled onto the shoulder and



JOHN BIEVER

commenced haggling. By game day scalpers' prices for end zone seats had stabilized at $400, and better seats were going for $1,000.

Fast-buck artists couldn't resist. One took out a classified ad that prompted David Walsh of Springfield, Pa., to send $1,400 in cash to an address in South Bend. Stunningly, Walsh never received his promised 14 tickets. Don't feel lonely, David—there's one born every minute. On Saturday security personnel at Notre Dame Stadium confiscated several hundred counterfeit tickets and 40 bogus media credentials, for which gullible fans had paid an estimated total of $50,000.

On campus the second-most popular T-shirt on sale (after the one that read CATHOLICS VS. CREMINOLES) was prophetic. It read: NOVEMBER 13, THE DAY THE NUMBERS CHANGED. Indeed, the day after the game, the bowl-coalition ranking—which combines the AP and the *USA Today*/CNN polls—gave Notre Dame the No. 1 spot and dropped Florida State to No. 2. As a result, the Seminoles will likely get a second crack at the Irish on New Year's Day in the Fiesta Bowl.

Notre Dame's ascendancy was as surprising as it was deserved. After all, this is an Irish team that saw nine players leave for the NFL after last season; a team whose coach entered this season embattled, beleaguered, in need of a hernia operation and complaining of chest pains; a team so denuded of marquee guys that its best player, arguably, was an offensive lineman; a team that was supposed to lose a handful of games and point to '94.

Instead, Holtz turned in the coaching performance of his career, and the Irish, now 10–0, continued their unlikely march toward the national title. Against the Seminoles, Holtz took chances, but he chose his moments well. He blitzed sparingly but effectively. He used misdirection to exploit Florida State's overpursuit. He conscripted Adrian Jarrell—a senior punter-flanker who had carried the ball exactly three times in his college career—to run a reverse pitch that scored Notre Dame's first touchdown. He used Jeff Burris, an All-America candidate *at safety*, in two red-zone runs that produced Notre Dame's last two touchdowns. That's right: A punter and a safety scored three of the Irish's four touchdowns.

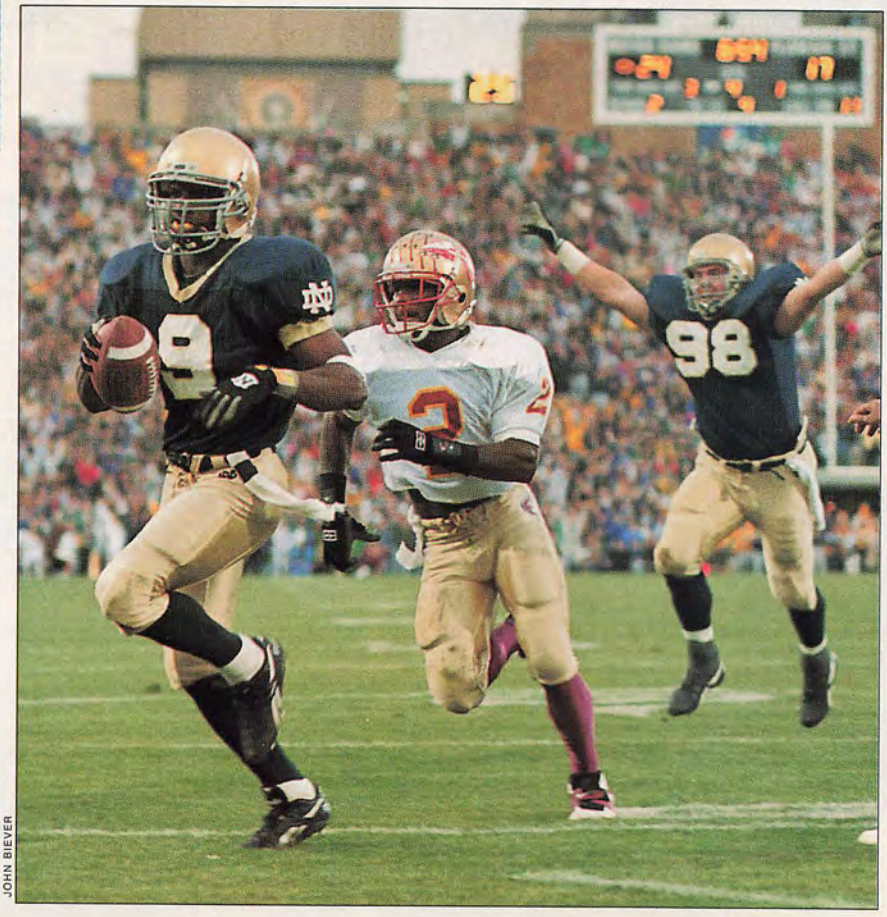
Equally important, by abandoning his customary midweek gloom, Holtz had sent the message to his players that they belonged on the same field with the heavily favored Seminoles. "Late last week on TV, I saw a special on Dwight Eisenhower," said Holtz after the game. "The one thing Dwight said was, 'If you do not have a positive attitude as the commander, victory is impossible.' "

Still, Holtz could not resist a little sandbagging. All week he and defensive coordinator Rick Minter had moaned that the Seminoles would exploit Notre Dame's lack of speed at inside linebacker. "Play-action passes won't work against us," said Holtz. "Our linebackers are too slow to get out of position." Said Minter, "Our kids play hard, and we love 'em to death, but we could get overmatched."

Overmatched is what the Irish appeared to be when the Seminoles scored

PETER READ MILLER

The Seminoles, unimpressed by Irish tradition, were clearly struck by the Irish defense.

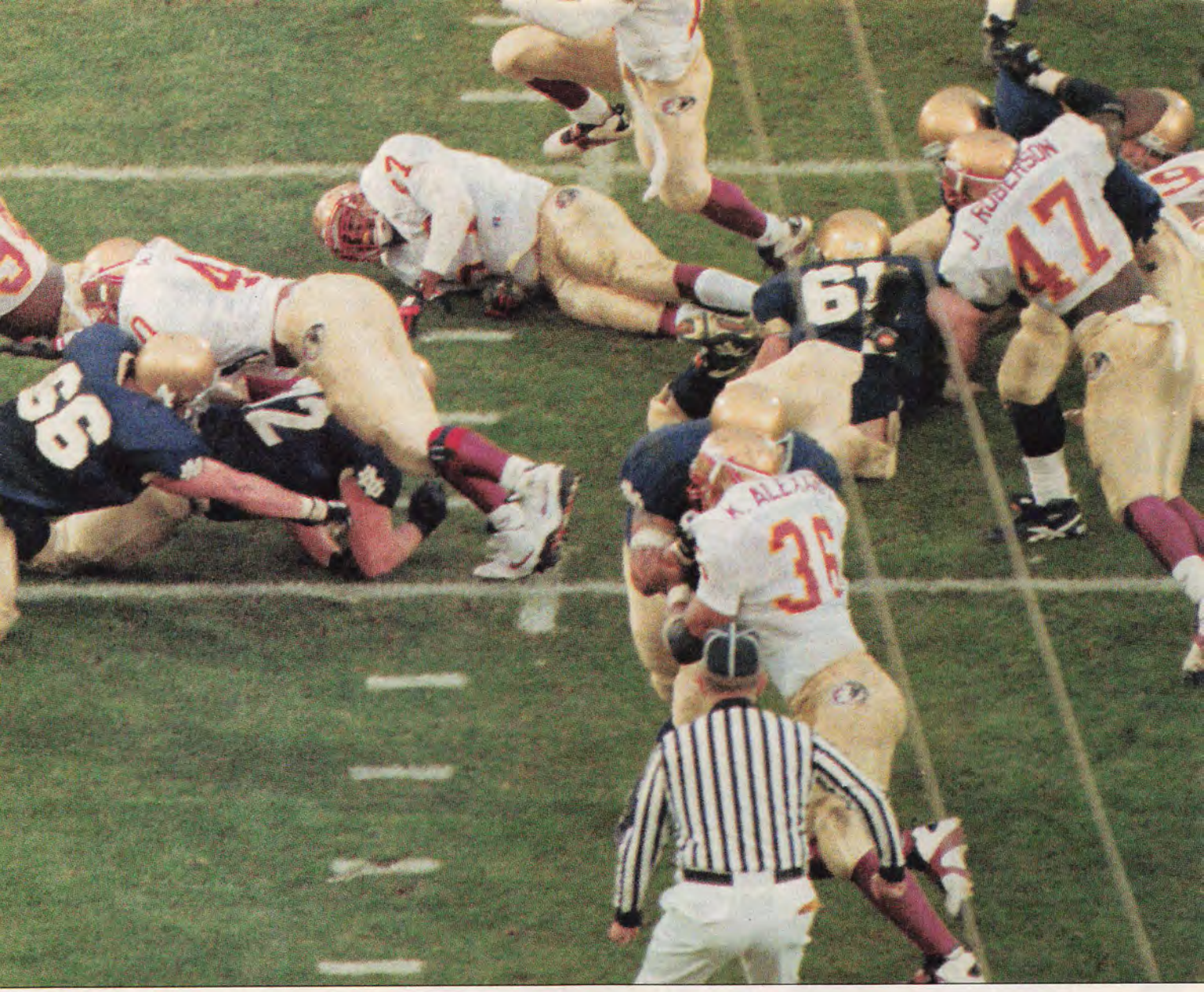


JOHN BIEVER

Burris, the full-time safety and part-time tailback, was hardly touched en route to his second TD, which gave the Irish a 31–17 lead late in the game.

with ease on their first possession, a 10-play, 89-yard clinic conducted by Ward. As Knox knelt briefly in the end zone following his 12-yard scoring reception, a hush fell over the stadium. The Irish hadn't played since Oct. 30, when they beat Navy 58–27. With two weeks to prepare, Holtz was supposed to be the equivalent of the Creator with an eighth day, but where was his storied acumen now?

The Golden Domers needed only to "Be patient," which happens to be one of the '93 team's many mottoes. They may not have a player in the Top 10 of any NCAA offensive category, but these Irish lead the nation in slogans. The players are forever prefacing remarks by saying, "At Notre Dame, we have a philosophy . . ."



RICH CLARKSON

and "One of our mottoes is. . . ." A sampler: "Count on me." "Always expect a miracle." "What *they* do doesn't matter."

"Don't flinch" seemed to be the motto on Saturday, and Notre Dame didn't. After that first touchdown Florida State didn't score again until 4:45 remained in the third quarter. Minter, who slept in his office several nights last week, conceived a scheme that called for three and four linemen to pressure Ward, usually without blitzes or stunts. That way Notre Dame's linebackers and secondary could sit back and look for the pass.

The strategy worked. Ward lost his rhythm. Under constant harassment from tackles Bryant Young and Jim Flanigan, he forced passes into coverage. In the second quarter he suffered his first interception in 159 pass attempts, and during the game he threw at least four other balls that should have been picked off.

"Those defensive backs they got back there," said Bowden, "whenever they finish, and I hope it's soon, they'll be NFL." After noting his team's two turnovers, Bowden asked, with irritation, "Did they have *any*?"

No. Notre Dame has not turned the ball over in four games. The Irish know that they lack just enough talent to be unable to afford errors. On Saturday they yielded no big plays. Seminole wideout Kez McCorvey had 11 catches but none for more than 20 yards. When Ward scrambled he was often greeted by Pete Bercich or Justin Goheen—those poor, plodding Notre Dame linebackers who made 13 tackles between them.

The linebackers, however, had nothing on the offensive linemen. The Irish won because those linemen kicked the tails of their defensive counterparts, whom they outweighed by an average of 39 pounds. Notre Dame answered the Seminoles' touchdown by going 80 yards in seven plays on the ensuing series. Seventy of those yards came on the ground, the final 32 on that flanker-reverse by Jarrell, which nearly faked the Seminole linebackers out of their stylish gold pants.

Jarrell wouldn't have scored without the block he got from All-America left tackle Aaron Taylor, who had sprinted 30 yards for the privilege of clearing a path to the end zone. "He's supposed to fall down on the other side of the field," said Irish right tackle Todd Norman, "but he comes all the way across and makes *my* block. He was moving pretty good for a man of his obesity."

It is a favorite pastime of offensive linemen across the country to tell one another how fat they are. In fact, Taylor, who is 6′ 4″, 299 pounds, runs a five-flat 40. His body actually has definition.

When fullback Jerome Bettis and tailback Reggie Brooks left for the NFL after last season, you might have expected Notre Dame's ground game to suffer. It did not. This is less of a mystery when you look at who stayed. Norman and center Tim Ruddy are strong pro prospects. Taylor is a sure first-round draft pick. The Irish derive their personality from the offensive line. "That's really the core of the team, right there," says left guard Mark Zataveski of Taylor, Norman and Ruddy. "You can run anything behind those three guys."

Against Florida State the Irish did just that. Junior tailback Lee Becton, who scored Notre Dame's second touchdown early in the second quarter on a 26-yard burst off tackle, turned in his fifth straight 100-yard rushing game, gaining 122 yards—more than all Seminole runners combined—on 26 carries. "When you've got somebody who opens a five-foot hole for you," said Becton, "it just makes things easier." Indeed, on all four Notre Dame TDs the runner was upright when he scored.

Even so, Florida State's defenders had their opportunities. "If we missed 100 tackles," said defensive end Derrick Alexander, "I would not be surprised." Bowden agreed. Asked what he would have done differently, the coach said, "Tackling. But that's nothing I can do. That's something our kids have to do."

Which is not to say that Bowden and his assistants didn't share much of the culpability. They were largely responsible for Florida State's horrific second quarter, when the Seminoles seemed to stand by helplessly as the game almost got out of hand. By halftime the score was 21–7. Twenty of the 25 plays the Seminoles called between their first touchdown and intermission were passes, including a disastrous double lateral between Ward and Knox that lost 14 yards to the Seminole six. On the next play Ward was intercepted by strong safety John Covington.

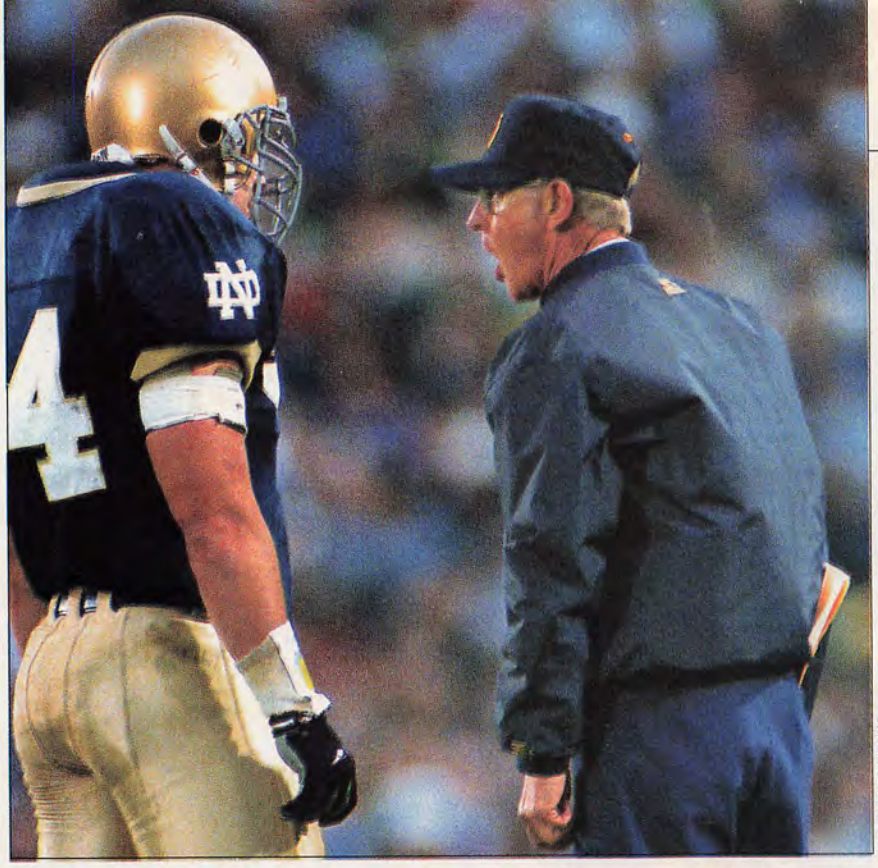
Despite an embarrassment of riches at tailback, with Sean Jackson and Dunn, and a future NFL fullback in William Floyd, the Seminoles were hesitant to run. Why? "I didn't think it was to our best advantage," said offensive coordinator Brad Scott, who calls most of the plays. As the Seminoles fell further and further behind, he said, "it became a little more obvious what we had to do—get the ball downfield. We got behind, so we could hardly waste our time running."

Instead they wasted it passing. More than 32 minutes elapsed between Florida State's first and second touchdowns. "I didn't think we ran enough," said McCorvey. He found an unlikely ally in Holtz, who said, "I did think they'd try to run the ball more."

As the game wore on, the Irish got tired and Ward got hot, and the final four minutes got very interesting. First, with Notre Dame leading 31–17, Ward marched the team 45 yards in 99 seconds. His fourth-down, 20-yard scoring pass to McCorvey was tipped by safety Brian Magee before dropping gently into McCorvey's hands. That score—call it the gift of the Magee—trimmed Notre Dame's lead to seven points. After holding Notre Dame without a first down and partially blocking the ensuing punt, the Seminoles got

RICH CLARKSON

Bowden will hear a lot of second-guessers say he should have run more and passed less.



DAMIAN STROHMEYER

Holtz had few occasions to fume as his team committed no turnovers on its way to No. 1.

the ball back on their own 37 with 51 seconds to play. But, because of earlier carelessness, they had no timeouts left. Ward took the team 49 yards before Wooden snuffed out the Seminoles' hopes.

Those two gutsy late drives did accomplish two things for Florida State: They assured Ward the Heisman Trophy, and they prevented the Seminoles from falling further than No. 2 in the bowl-coalition poll. But the drives could not save Bowden from sharp criticism of his game plan. "I'm sure some will say the 'big one' got away," he said. "After six years I finally found out what the big one is—it's the one you lose. The Miami game this year wasn't a big one. This was a big one."

Despite the loss the coach allowed himself a little levity. "I'd like to be Lou Holtz tonight," said Bowden. "He'll have a good time."

Surely, Bobby, you jest. Asked about his plans for the evening, Bowden's counterpart in the bifocals and the Prince Valiant haircut said he would "go home, watch a game on ESPN, look at this game, and start thinking about [this week's date with] Boston College. I'll say hello to my wife, and hope Eleanor, my 74-year-old mother-in-law, will talk to me." Since taking his mother-in-law white-water rafting over the summer, says Holtz, his relations with her have been strained.

Tell us, Lou, how does this victory stack up against your other boffo wins? Is it the biggest? "It was the most recent," he said. As if to apologize for his lack of jubilation, Holtz said, "This is my job. I don't show great emotions or elations."

His lack of elations notwithstanding, Holtz has succeeded, with each win, in putting more distance between himself and the furor raised by *Under the Tarnished Dome*, an unflattering portrayal of Holtz and Notre Dame football that came out in September. The book has been effectively shelved by two numbers: 10 and zero. The book alleged, among other things, that Holtz once spit in a player's face. Irish senior quarterback Kevin McDougal has a theory about that. He figures the spitting was accidental. Says McDougal, "He has that lisp—he's always spitting."

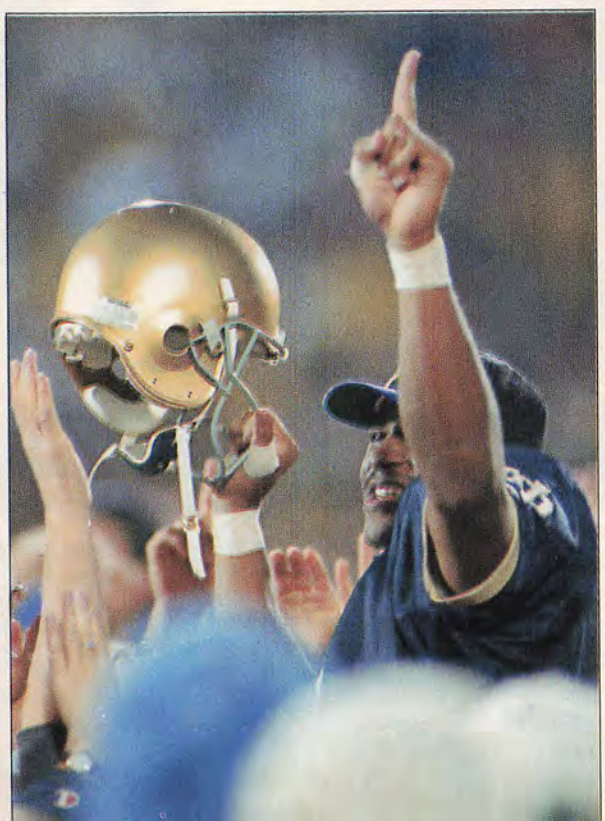
McDougal is qualified to make such an observation. He cheerfully figures that this season Holtz has yelled at him more than at any other player. On Tuesday of last week Holtz threw McDougal out of practice for making a bad read on a pass play. He allowed McDougal back after a brief exile. This is one of Holtz's pet methods of getting his players to focus.

McDougal is resilient. For three seasons he worked his way up the depth chart. This year, when at last it appeared to be his turn to start, he was beaten out in the preseason by Ron Powlus, the prodigiously talented freshman from Berwick, Pa. Before the final scrimmage Holtz took McDougal aside to deliver the unhappy news: He was going with Powlus.

The freshman broke his right clavicle that afternoon, and McDougal has led the Irish to the brink of a national title. McDougal's response to Holtz's bad news back in August—"I understand why you feel that way, Coach, but I think I can lead this team to a national championship"—was so sportsmanlike that it seems destined to take its place alongside other quotations in Notre Dame lore: *Someday, Rock, when the team is up against it, and the breaks are beating the boys. . . .*

The Irish didn't catch any breaks Sunday when the Seminoles dropped to only No. 2 in the coalition standings. For McDougal's response to Holtz to be proved prophetic, the quarterback probably will have to lead his team to one of the toughest doubles in football: two for two against FSU. Before their sweat had dried on Saturday, many of the Seminoles were talking rematch. Said Floyd, the fullback, "We're hoping this was just Round 1." ■

AL TIELEMANS



And down

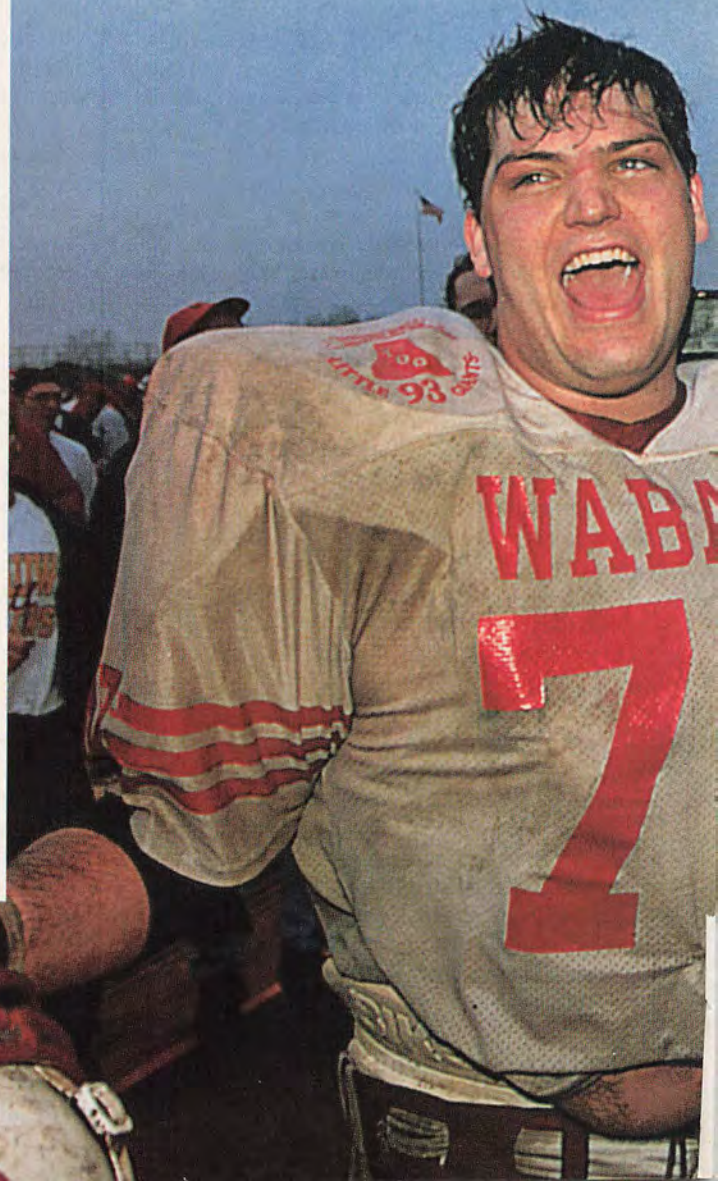
In the real game of the century, the bell tolled for the 100th meeting of DePauw and Wabash

by JOHN GARRITY

BUCK MILLER

BUCK MILLER

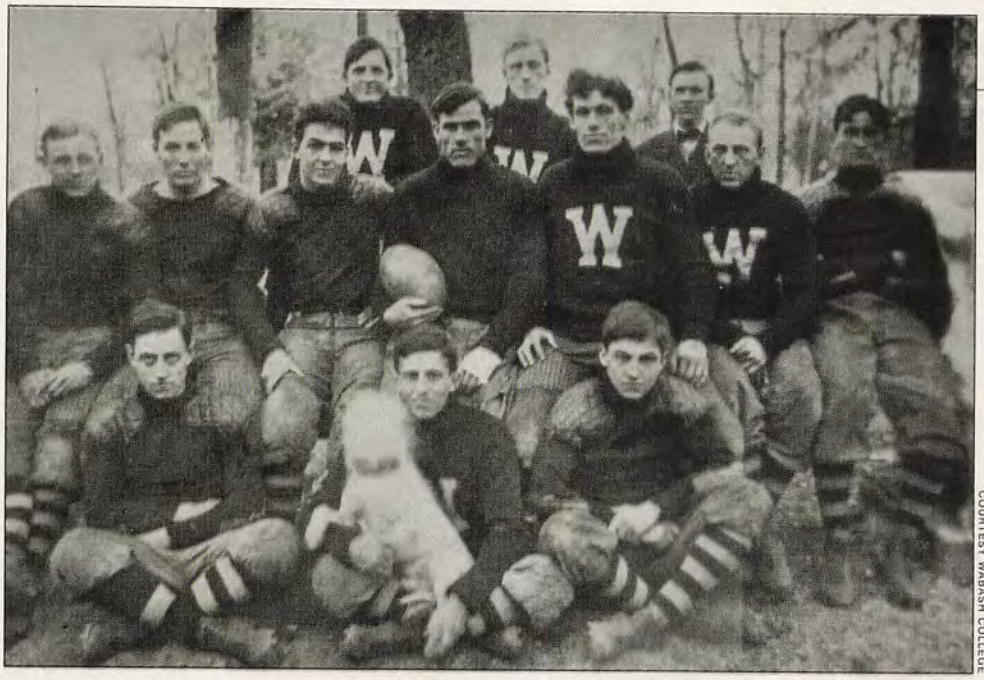
JOHN W. MCDONOUGH



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

The Monon Bell, welded to a perch in the Wabash gym and under heavy guard after a pep-rally appearance, gave the Little Giants something to get carried away about, as did three touchdowns by Ings (above) in last Saturday's win over DePauw.

the Road...



COURTESY WABASH COLLEGE

The 1905 Little Giant team beat Notre Dame; in '80 came Metzelaars (below).

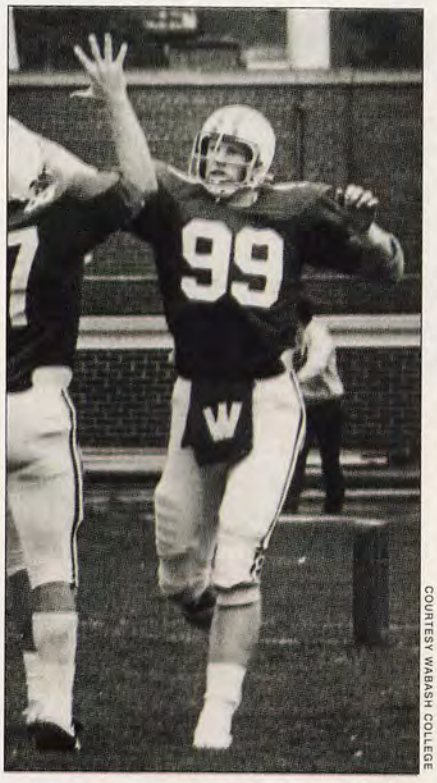
It's every DePauw student's obligation to study hard, to be honest and forthright, and to try to steal the Monon Bell.

—MATTHEW INGLE
DePauw '96

THE TROUBLE IS—AS THE REVerend Martin Luther King Jr. learned in a Birmingham jail and as Henry David Thoreau noted in his own journal of incarceration—that the sound of a prison door clanging shut rings in one's ears like eternity. For Matthew Ingle the moment of truth came on Sunday, Sept. 19, when he found himself in the Montgomery County Jail, in Crawfordsville, Ind. In addition to felony counts of breaking and entering, and attempted theft, Ingle faced possible expulsion from DePauw University and who knows what punishment from his dad for using the family car as a getaway vehicle.

"But I wasn't really scared," Ingle said afterward, "until I found out the prosecutor was a Wabash grad."

Ingle was right to worry. The object he had attempted to pilfer—a 350-pound brass steam-locomotive bell mounted on a cast-iron stand—was the lawful property of Wabash College, an 806-student all-male liberal-arts college in Crawfordsville. To indicate to all that the bell was meant to stay put, Wabash had bolted it to a concrete slab above the doors in the lobby of the school gymnasium. That was where Ingle, wielding a wrench, had been perched at 2:30 a.m. that Sunday when Wabash security guard Don Money approached the building.



COURTESY WABASH COLLEGE

"Someone's coming!" Ingle said to two accomplices who were hiding in the shadows. Ingle quickly dropped to the floor and joined the others in a dash across the lobby. Throwing open the rear doors and leaping eight steps in a single bound, the fugitives tore out into the dark street, where two more conspirators were parked in a 1984 Subaru station wagon. Screaming "Go!" and "Get out of here!" Ingle and his friends piled into the car.

The getaway driver panicked; he couldn't remember how to start the car. "Turn on the lights so I can see!" he cried. With the dome light on, he got the engine to turn over, but by then Money, a white-haired man of 63, had made it around the building and was closing fast. While everybody in the car screamed, the driver yanked the gearshift into low, slammed his foot on the accelerator and gritted his teeth as the car crept away from the curb. Ingle estimated the Subaru was doing 10 miles per hour when it passed the security guard. Money aimed his flashlight at the license plate and calmly took down the number as the car chugged off.

"Needless to say, we think our driver deserves most of the credit for our capture," accomplice Damon Sanderson, a DePauw sophomore, grumbled.

In point of fact, no one was captured. The Crawfordsville police traced the car to Ingle's father, Stephen, in Indianapolis, and when Matthew got back to his dorm room at DePauw, in Greencastle, Ind., there was a message on his answering machine: "Call Patrolman Largent."

Ingle turned himself in that afternoon. Within minutes of his arrest and fingerprinting, he found himself behind bars, breathing the fetid air of Montgomery County Jail. Bail was set at $4,000. Ingle was advised to get a good lawyer.

"I expected a slap on the wrist or a lecture," Ingle said later, shaking his head in disbelief. "We didn't see it as stealing. We were just trying to return the bell to its rightful owners."

There is a long-smoldering dispute, it turns out, over who *is* the rightful owner of the Monon (pronounced MOE-non) Bell. Originally the dinger was the property of the Monon Railroad Line, and if *The Ballad of the Monon Bell* can be believed, "It rode like a masthead on engine ninety-nine, Crawfordsville to Greencastle, then further down the line." In 1932 the railroad offered the bell as a permanent trophy for the annual football game between the Little Giants of Wabash and the Tigers of DePauw. Since then the bell has traveled the 27 miles between the two campuses according to the football fortunes of the respective schools. The concept of shared ownership is honored in

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the bell's paint job: half of the yoke is coated in bright Wabash red and the other half is painted DePauw "old gold."

Amazingly, the football series between the two schools, billed as "the oldest small-college rivalry west of the Alleghenies," has been split almost as evenly as the bell. Last Saturday marked the 100th playing of the DePauw-Wabash grudge match, and the record going into the game was 45–45, with nine ties. Wabash destroyed that symmetry by defeating DePauw 40–26 before 8,400 in Greencastle, but the Little Giants' advantage is seen as temporary. Says Wabash head coach Greg Carlson, "I'm gonna guess that after 200 Monon Bell games, we'll be no more than three or four apart."

Given the closeness of the competition, one might expect the thrills and the agonies of victory and defeat to register equally on the two campuses. Instead, DePauw—larger than Wabash, with 2,100 undergraduates and a sprawling, architecturally diverse campus—feels outgunned and put-upon by what it calls the Cavemen from Crawfordsville.

Wabash leads DePauw in the all-important category of inventive Monon Bell heists and in most other dubious manifestations of school spirit. Over the years, for instance, a scarlet "W" has been daubed on Greencastle landmarks so many times that paint remover is a fixed item in the DePauw budget. (One story has DePauw football coach Nick Mourouzis calling his wife to the window one morning, saying, "Look, someone's burned an 'M' in our lawn—for Mourouzis!") Last year *The DePauw*, which calls itself "the oldest and coolest college newspaper in Indiana," decried such vandalism but lamented that most of the great tales of Monon Bell derring-do starred the Cavemen.

"Are we lazy?" the paper wondered. "Are we no longer creative and sly? Are we perpetually hung over? Whatever our problem may be, with some creative planning and a little Tiger pride, baby, we can surely get a plot a-brewin' that will give Wabash something to suck on."

Right. Ten months later the iron door slammed shut on Matthew Ingle, and Wabash students hooted in derision.

It's not hard to account for the mischief gap between the two schools: Wabash lacks the civilizing influence of women. Otherwise, Wabash and DePauw are strikingly similar. Both were founded in the 1830s as private liberal-arts colleges, and both thrive today in typical west-central-Indiana towns. Academic standards and the cost of tuition are high at both schools; the Greek system defines social life on both campuses; graduates of both routinely become doctors, lawyers and corporate leaders; and each school claims illustrious alumni. Dan Quayle graduated from DePauw, as did lawyer and civil-rights leader Vernon Jordan, U.S. Representative Lee Hamilton, popular novelist John Jakes, astronaut Joseph P. Allen and Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist James B. Stewart. Wabash grads include AT&T chief Robert Allen, Buffalo Bill All-Pro tight end Pete Metzelaars, best-selling novelist Lawrence Sanders and Thomas Riley ("What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar") Marshall, vice-president under Woodrow Wilson. ("A *two*-term vice-president," a Wabash undergrad notes emphatically.)

Despite the similarities, the students see their differences writ plain. "We've stereotyped each other," says Wabash junior running back David Kogan. "We think DePauw guys are yuppies and pretty boys from wealthy families. They think we're caveman grunts with no style, no class, no social graces. There's no thought put into it. It's just tradition."

It's Wabash Wallies versus DePauw Dannies. (*Wallies* derives from the mascot, Wally Wabash, who wears a red letter sweater and a papier-mâché head that is four feet high and three feet wide. *Danny*, erroneously linked in recent years to Dan Quayle, is a decades-old euphemism for *sissy*. Wallies are reputed to be crude. When a Wabash raiding party left its "W" calling card and poured red dye in DePauw fountains before last year's game, the Dannies' response was predictable. "Here at DePauw," the campus paper sniffed, "students write with pens and

Wabash had two-term VP Marshall; DePauw had Quayle (second from left), a one and only.

COURTESY WABASH COLLEGE (MARSHALL); COURTESY DEPAUW UNIVERSITY

BUCK MILLER

BUCK MILLER

Homecoming at Wabash features Chapel Singers (above) and fashion statements.

pencils, not spray paint. . . . Spray paint will only impress big-hair high school girls."

The Wabash *Bachelor* answered by reprinting an article from an Oregon newspaper about a DePauw woman from Portland. "I like the school, but not the Midwest," the young woman said in the story. "Shopping in the Midwest is horrible. The closest city is Indianapolis and they are going to build a Nordstrom there but until then everyone just buys clothes from catalogs." A photograph of the pretty student in earrings and ball gown was captioned NATALIE'S DRESS COSTS $360.

Students on both campuses agree on one thing: The men of Wabash are more committed to the rituals of football season. DePauw's homecoming is celebrated with Church of England reserve, while Wabash's is a pagan pageant. The most singular Wabash tradition is a contest misleadingly called Chapel Sing, in which fraternity pledges link arms on the steps of the school chapel and try to outbellow each other in endless repetitions of *Old Wabash*, America's longest college fight song. The singers roar and chant for up to 40 minutes, raising a din equal to that of a street market in Djakarta. Members of the Sphinx Club, a campus-spirit organization, serve as judges, awarding points for volume and unity while stuffing stale crackers in contestants' mouths. (It used to be mice and chili peppers.)

Chapel Sing is good training for a greater, if unsanctioned, event: Monon Bell Heist. The rules in this competition are not clear, but purists say a heist, to be creditable, should occur during the fall, when guards are up and spirits are high. Weapons are forbidden, but alcohol is tolerated—for courage—and the bell has to be returned in time for the game.

In the early years DePauw students succeeded with relatively crude snatch-and-run tactics; they nabbed the bell in 1952, for instance, by cutting it free and letting it crash to the floor of the lobby of Chadwick Court, Wabash's basketball facility, before carting it off. ("And they call *us* Cavemen!" a Wally snorts derisively.) Wabash countered with guile. In '59, when the possession arrow pointed to DePauw, the bell was kept hidden in Greencastle. A Wabash student, posing as a high school senior interested in enrolling at DePauw, tricked the admissions director into revealing the bell's whereabouts, and—voilà!—a raiding party quickly spirited it back to Crawfordsville.

The standard for bell thefts was set in 1965, when Wabash sprang the Mexican Heist, also known as Operation Frijoles. In this scam Jim Shanks, a Wally sophomore posing as a Mexican dignitary, made a luncheon appointment with DePauw president William H. Kerstetter. Alternating between fluent Spanish and English, Shanks pitched the idea of a DePauw scholarship program for Mexican students under the auspices of the fictitious Mexican-American Cultural Institute. Kerstetter was enthusiastic and pledged to provide two full-tuition scholarships; he also invited Shanks to photograph campus landmarks—including the Monon Bell—for distribution in Mexico.

Kerstetter did not know the bell's hiding place, so he asked his secretary. "I

don't know if I should tell you or not," she joked. "The last time I told a visitor where the bell was, Wabash stole it." But tell she did, and that night the bell was filched. Within days, posters popped up all over Greencastle. They read, "Congratulations to Pres. Kerstetter and his Dannies for 1) Winning the No-Bell Prize. 2) Granting $20,000 in scholarships to needy Wabash students."

Wabash won the game that year, ending a 10-year DePauw hold on the bell, and many of the Wallies who swarmed the field wore sombreros and ponchos.

Another time, a group of Wabash men, angered because the bell was rung persistently at a basketball game that Wabash was losing in DePauw's Lilly Center, hid in the building until after closing one night several weeks later and stole the trophy from its perch atop a concession stand, dropping the bell into a portable high-jump pit that had been conveniently parked across the floor.

"As you can see," DePauw sports information director Bill Wagner said recently, "we've made the bell a little harder to reach." Indeed, the DePauw bell platform, vacant since 1991, juts out of the field-house wall 25 feet above the floor.

The visitor's eye is drawn, however, to an imposing object at the opposite end of the gym: a 25-foot rolling scaffold.

If sweet reason fails, and then larceny, the Monon Bell must be taken by force, i.e., football. Alums pressure coaches, coaches pressure assistant coaches, students scream for blood, and players phone their opponents at odd hours to taunt and provoke. Both teams' football seasons—those bruising games against Indiana Collegiate Athletic Conference rivals Anderson, Franklin, Hanover, Manchester and Rose-Hulman—are but preludes to Wabash-DePauw. "I think about it constantly," says Mourouzis, who has won more games (81) than any other DePauw coach and, with Saturday's loss, is 6-6-1 against Wabash. "It's like a season in itself."

Andy Dorrel, a senior lineman for Wabash, says the game transforms the players. "You just want to hurt, to pound, to beat up," he says. "We lost when I was a freshman, and I didn't even shake anybody's hand, I was so mad. The next year, when we won, it was the greatest experience of my life."

The depth of feeling is all the more remarkable when you consider that this is NCAA Division III football. There are no athletic scholarships and no academic favors for players. The teams practice about 7½ hours a week (15 is the average in Division I schools), and players watch game films and lift weights on their own time, not the coaches'. It is, in many ways, college football as the game was played a century ago.

In other ways it is a different game entirely. When Wabash met DePauw for the first time, on Nov. 22, 1890, at the Wabash athletic field, the players wore moleskin uniforms. It was three downs to a side, five yards for a first down; anybody could carry the ball, and the forward pass was science fiction. A contemporaneous newspaper account is opaque for the modern reader: "At the start Miner by the V trick gained 20 yards on DePauw then

DAVID WALBERG

At DePauw the handwriting may not be on the wall, but it is plentiful on signs and lawns.

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

pushed the ball to within 10 yards of the Wabash goal when Randall failing in the criss cross trick was pushed near the line and a safety made by DePauw." DePauw won the game 34–5, its only victory of the season. Wabash finished winless.

What feeds the rivalry? To even ask proves one's ignorance of Mononism. "It's DePauw, and that's enough," says Wabash offensive coordinator Scott Boone, class of '81, who earned 11 varsity letters as a Little Giant. "It's Us against Them, roughnecks against pretty boys."

One theory blames the bell. It rang incessantly last Saturday, tolled on the Wabash sideline by members of the Sphinx Club and then by swarms of delirious Wallies to celebrate their team's win. "When you don't have the bell and *they* ring it, it makes you crazy," says Dorrel.

Stan Parrish, offensive coordinator at Rutgers and former coach at Marshall and Kansas State, was Wabash's coach from 1978 to '82. "I got that job when I was very young," he said, "and I was absolutely terrified when we went against DePauw the first time. Everybody reappeared that weekend like ghosts—the old players, the coaches, the alumni. Luckily, we won.

"The best team I had was the '81 team. We were undefeated, ranked second in the country [in Division III], we had Pete Metzelaars and a bunch of other great players—and we went down to Greencastle and just got whipped. I was devastated. Had we won that game, I was going to leave Wabash. But I could not see leaving [after] losing that last game, because that's the way they remember you."

The next year, with Little Giant Stadium packed and fans watching from the trees, Parrish's "third-best" Wabash team beat DePauw 31–6 and finished undefeated. That left the young coach free to pursue his fortunes in Division I. "I'd written my final chapter," he said, "and I could go with a clear conscience."

Parrish, a member of the Wabash Athletic Hall of Fame on the strength of his 42-3-1 record, allowed a sigh. "That," he said, "was the best place at the best time."

It still is. The front page of last Saturday's *Indianapolis Star* shouted THE MONON BELL in type usually reserved for war. A small box referred readers to page C1 for news about another game of local interest: Notre Dame–Florida State. One could picture ear-to-ear smiles on the faces of Wabash and DePauw alums reading the *Star* over breakfast.

A satellite was on line to feed the game live to 40 Monon Bell parties across the nation. Otherwise, game week followed decades-old patterns. Six Wallies were arrested in Greencastle on Wednesday night, caught with spray-paint cans outside Blackstock Stadium. In Crawfordsville, Wally fraternity pledges performed their traditional all-night sentry duty near the bell, warming their hands by trash-can fires and challenging strangers to recite lines from *Old Wabash.* Last Friday night 800 affluent alums from both colleges, with their spouses, gathered for dinner at the Indianapolis Westin Hotel, where AT&T's Allen, a two-way head-banger for the Little Giants in the '50s, told them they should be proud to have attended schools "where *student-athlete* is an objective description and not a cynical p.r. phrase." On Saturday morning, in a gray mist, the DePauw and Wabash chapters of Phi Gamma Delta joined in a charity relay run with a football.

JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

For DePauw and Rob Cellini, number 100 wasn't much to look at.

The game? The clearest omen came at halftime, when DePauw students released scores of black and gold balloons, and a stiff southerly wind whipped the balloons out of the stadium and off toward Crawfordsville. The champion of the first hundred games was not decided, though, until the final two minutes, when DePauw, trailing by a touchdown, failed to cover an onside kick. Kogan, the Wabash running back, then rambled for a final, cauterizing touchdown, and the fate of the bell was sealed: back to Crawfordsville. "I played on two high school state championships, and I thought that was big," Little Giant quarterback Chris Ings croaked in the happy postgame scrum of players and fans. "But this is an *incredible* feeling." Behind him, a line of DePauw players shuffled off the field, their heads bowed.

Matthew Ingle was out of jail in time for the game. His sentence was commuted back in September to 45 minutes served. He paid $400 for bond and $110 for a first-offender program that reduced his charge from a felony to a misdemeanor, and he was ordered not to show his face in Crawfordsville for six weeks. His partner in crime Damon Sanderson got off with an "official warning" from DePauw, and no further charges were filed.

Sanderson, who is majoring in chemistry and physics, watched Saturday's game from the west stands. The view was dismal: Red-clad Wallies packed the opposite stands and prowled the sideline, chanting, cheering, waving a red flag and tirelessly clanging the bell.

"I hear they needed a torch to bring the bell down here!" Sanderson yelled over the din. "And when that didn't work, they used a metal cutter!"

His eyes narrowed, and he seemed to ruminate. Hey, they can't put a guy in jail for thinking. ■

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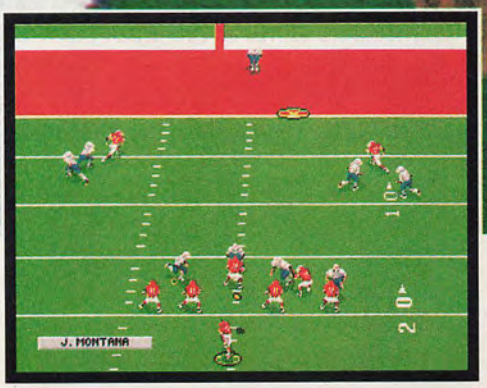

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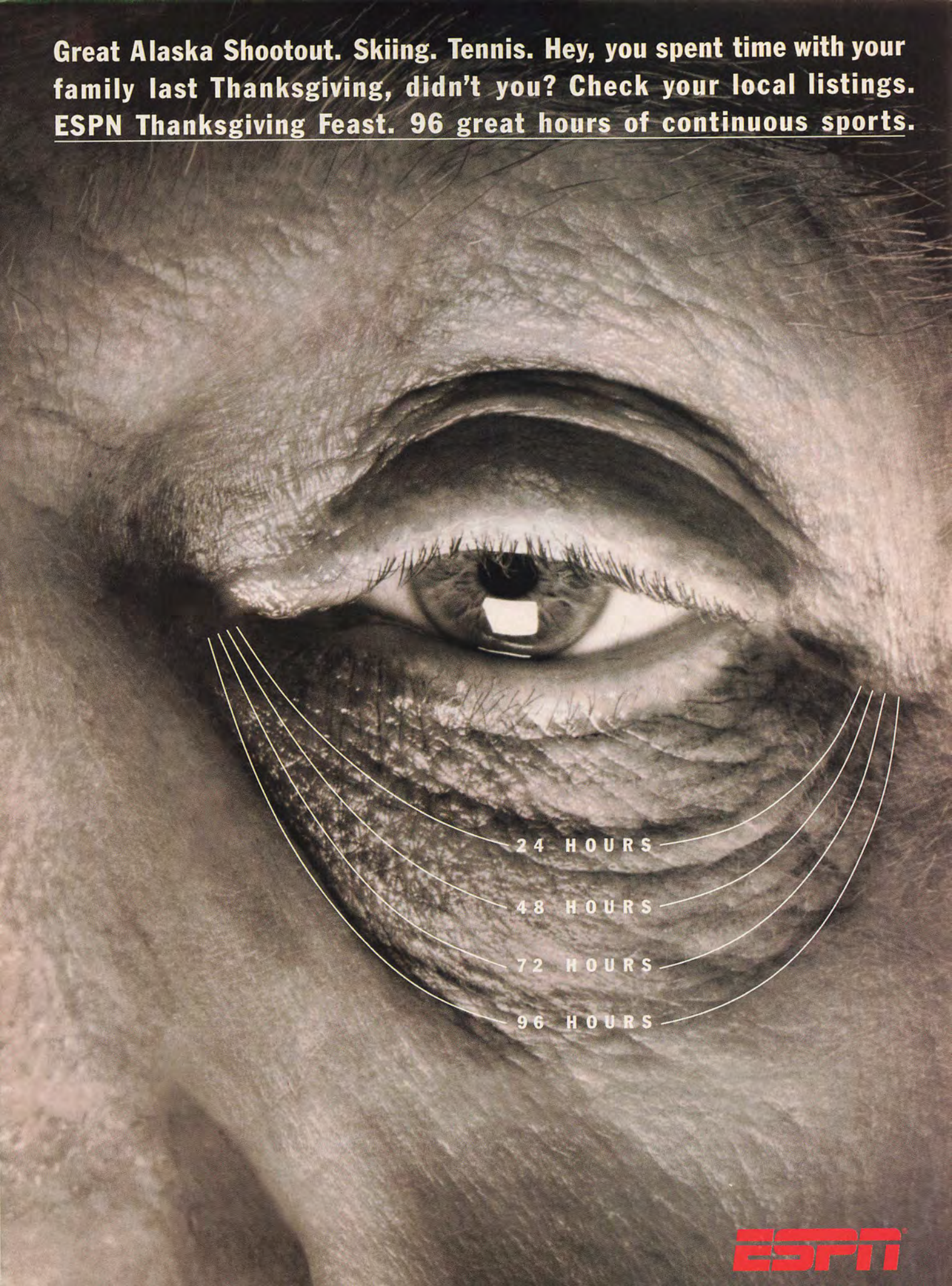
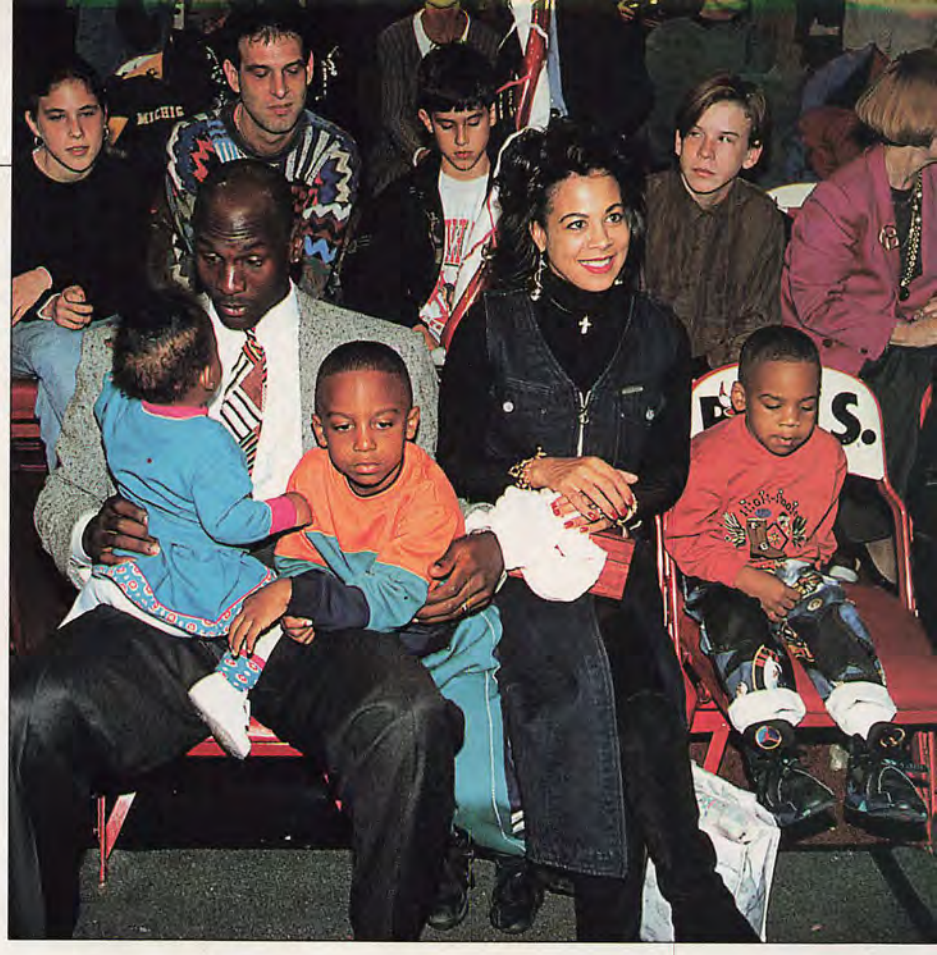


ESPN

The Jordan Heirs

There may be life after Michael, but the Bulls are struggling to find it

by PHIL TAYLOR



THERE WAS A TIME, BEFORE A certain bald-headed, tongue-wagging member of the Chicago Bulls decided to cash in his IRA and take early retirement, when the arrival of the Chicago team bus at any hotel entrance gave new meaning to the term "crunch time." The Bulls would routinely find hundreds of people waiting for them outside the hotel lobby, all hoping for at least a glimpse of Michael Jordan. Security people—Michael's Secret Service, some of the players called them—waited to escort Jordan through the crowd. "Mike would look out the bus window at all the people and say, 'I'm not going out there,' " says Chicago center Will Perdue. "The rest of us would look at him and say, 'We're not going out there until you go out there.' " Finally Jordan would disembark first, to be swallowed up by the crowd, and the rest of the players would stroll casually to their rooms, as unnoticed as Elvis's roadies.

Not any longer. The post-Jordan era began in earnest last month when the Bulls arrived at their Louisville hotel before a preseason game to find only a modest gathering—about 50 people. And because there was no Jordan, and thus no security to run interference, the players each stepped into a knot of autograph-seekers and signed as they walked, slowly trying to make way for themselves.

That's what life is like now for the Bulls: They have been forced to find a new path for themselves, with each player carrying an extra candle to make up for the torch that was extinguished when His Airness retired in October. It has been a difficult process but, so far, not an altogether unpleasant one, as shown by their 3–2 record through Sunday. Of course, there *was* an embarrassing 95–71 loss at home to the Miami Heat on Nov. 6, in which the Bulls established a dubious franchise record by scoring only six points in the second quarter. But with center Scott Williams and guard John Paxson sidelined by injuries, Chicago was bound to throw in at least one clunker.

Just the night before, in the final seconds against the Hornets, the Bulls had shown just how they hoped to share the responsibility without Jordan around. Trailing 123–122 with 7.5 seconds left, they ran a play for forward Scottie Pippen, but he was cut off on his drive to the basket. Pippen gave the ball up to guard Pete Myers, who hoisted a prayer from the lane over Hornet center Alonzo Mourning. Myers missed, but teammate Horace Grant put in the rebound for the game-winner. Later, Grant said what everyone had been thinking: "If number 23 had been there, you know he would have gotten [the shot]. But we don't have that crutch to lean on anymore. We had to stand on our own two feet."

Bull coach Phil Jackson has tried to lighten the burden of replacing Jordan by parceling it out among several players. Veterans Pippen, Grant and starting center Bill Cartwright have tried to fill the leadership vacuum, journeyman Myers has been called on to provide a fair imitation of Jordan's defense, long-awaited Croatian swingman Toni Kukoc has added his passing skills to the mix, and the Bulls have looked for more scoring from, well, from everyone. Jackson's job has even changed—from trying to build toward the playoffs to approaching every game as if it *were* the playoffs. "This is a team still in the process of finding itself," he says. "One thing we do know is that we're going to have to get emotional about games to win them." On their best nights the Bulls look excited about the transition from a monarchy to something approximating a democracy. On their worst, they look like they desperately need a new king.

The most obvious candidate for the throne, of course, is Pippen, who seems

Kukoc (right), the Croatian sensation, had counted on playing with Jordan, not in front of him.

eager to assume it. "I've been able to sit back and enjoy for a long time, but no more," he says. "I've been asked to step up in front of the pack. I know I'll be measured by that, and I'm ready for it." Jackson gave him Jordan's co-captaincy—Cartwright remains the other co-captain—and it is no coincidence that Pippen, a Dream Teamer, has taken over Jordan's coveted locker-room stall, which is twice as big as the others and is closest to the sanctuary of the trainer's room.

But it's unlikely that the team once known as Michael and the Jordanaires will ever be called Scottie and the Pipps, because Pippen lacks Jordan's gift for leadership. On his first day of preseason practice Pippen took it upon himself to completely outplay newcomer Kukoc, just as Jordan had dismantled many a practice opponent before him. Privately, the other players weren't quite sure what to make of Pippen's display. Was he trying to imitate Jordan? Was he sending a message to Kukoc about whose team this was? Was he just trying to set an aggressive example for Kukoc and the other Bulls? And wasn't he risking damage to Kukoc's psyche? Ruffling a few feathers isn't the end of the world; Jordan wasn't always considered Mr. Congeniality by his teammates, either. Besides, Kukoc, the 6′ 11″ Croatian sensation who signed with the Bulls in July (he was their second-round pick in the 1990 draft, 29th overall) after being pursued for three years by general manager Jerry Krause, made it clear that he wasn't traumatized by being spun around like a top by Pippen.

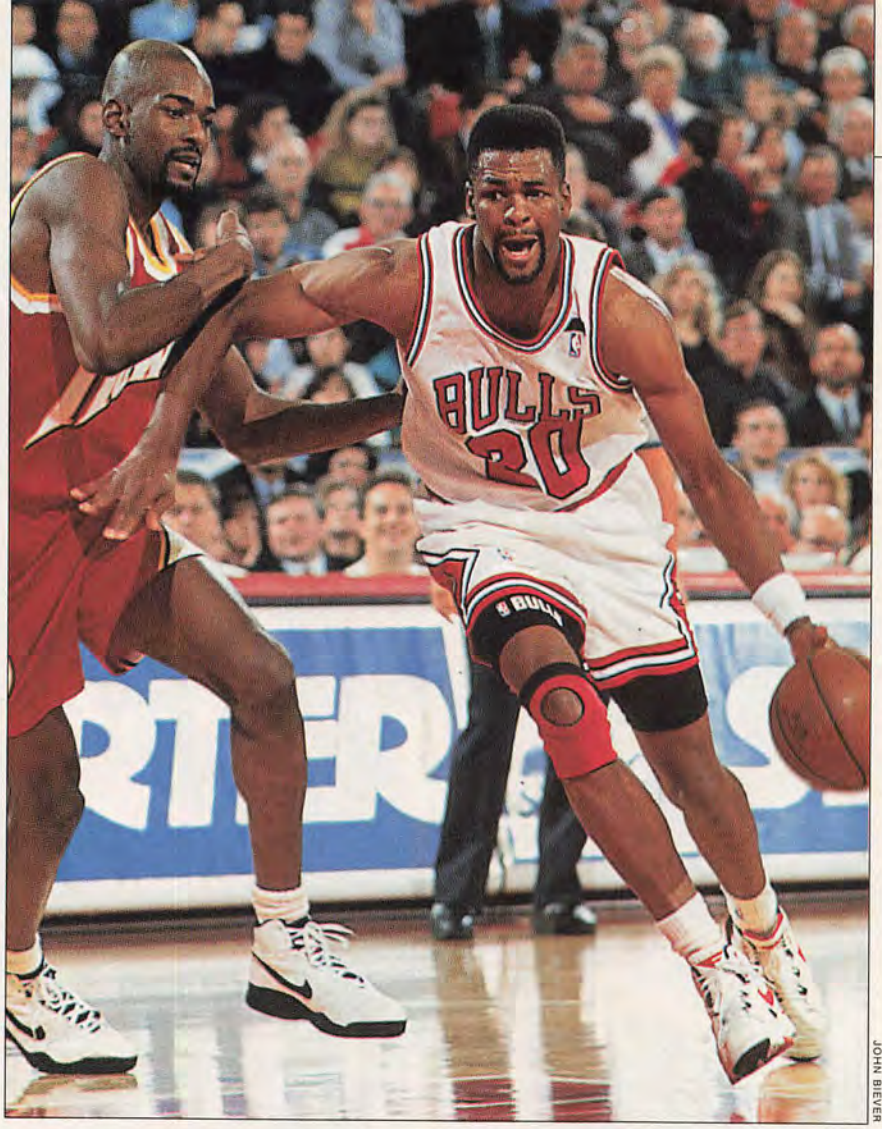
"I don't care if he kicks my butt in practice," Kukoc said. "That's the only way to learn." Still, Pippen's display that day raised serious doubts about whether he is suited to be the team's emotional center.

As for the multiskilled Kukoc, his transition to the NBA might be eased by his ability to remain undaunted by his mistakes. In an early preseason scrimmage he didn't know what all the fuss was about when he dribbled from the frontcourt into the backcourt, an NBA violation. "Every now and then I slip," he says. "My teammates tease me a little and help me a lot."

Although he was known as the Magic Johnson of Europe because of his remarkable ball-handling and passing talents, Kukoc has mostly looked more like a

BILL SMITH

JOHN BIEVER



JOHN BIEVER

After being waived five times, Myers wasn't daunted by the pressure of replacing Jordan.

typical rookie, trying to adjust to the mad swirl of the NBA. "You know how when Americans drive cars in Europe, sometimes they have a hard time adjusting to how fast everyone goes?" he says. "That is how I feel in the NBA. Everyone goes *vroom, vroom.*"

But Kukoc has shown the NBA a thing or two as well, with the occasional no-look pass and a nifty spin move in the lane. There probably isn't another 6′ 11″ player in the league with his combination of offensive talents. Through Sunday he was averaging 14.0 points, 5.2 rebounds and 3.0 assists per game. His early high point came on Nov. 10 in Milwaukee when he hit a three-pointer with 1.9 seconds left to give the Bulls a 91–90 victory. "He's legit," says Grant. "He has some flashiness to his game. Once he starts to feel really comfortable, look out." Still, Kukoc is not quite the all-purpose player that Krause had made him out to be. "Whoever said he could play four positions did him a real disservice," says guard Steve Kerr. "He's not a point guard, and he's really not a two-guard. He's a small forward who handles the ball well."

There's little doubt that Kukoc has the offensive skills to be at least a solid, perhaps even spectacular, NBA player. But defense is another matter. Kukoc is still trying to absorb the intricacies of man-to-man defense after years of being allowed to play zone in Europe. The 15 pounds he gained over the summer—he now weighs 230—in order to handle the rigors of the NBA seems to have diminished his quickness, leaving him prey to the league's opposing small forwards. Against the Atlanta Hawks on Nov. 8, Jackson juggled the Bulls' defensive assignments throughout the game, trying to spare Kukoc the task of stopping Dominique Wilkins. Kukoc has been humble in talking about himself and deferential to his teammates, but he's no shrinking violet, as the shark tattoo on his left shoulder attests. "I have confidence in my talent," he says. "People here have only seen just a little bit of what I can do. In time, I will show everything."

The Bulls are willing to wait. They know they are in the midst of an adjustment period that might last all season. "All we know about ourselves is that we don't know enough about ourselves yet," says guard B.J. Armstrong, who inherited from Jordan the distinction of being the last Bull introduced at home. "Everything is just so . . . different. We weren't always crazy about being thought of as the Jordanaires, but at least we had an identity. Right now, we're looking for a new one."

It hasn't helped that in the early season Jordan has been everywhere and nowhere all at once, a "looming presence," as Jackson put it. He had attended several practices during the preseason, and just hours before the season opener, in Charlotte, there were rumors that Jordan would be in attendance. "Is he coming, is he not coming, who knows?" Grant told reporters. "You guys would probably know it before we would." Jordan didn't show. But the next night in Chicago he came to the Stadium to pick up his championship ring in a pregame ceremony with his ex-teammates, then took a seat along the baseline a few feet from the Bull bench—so near and yet so far. "It'll be strange to see number 23 sitting over there when he should be over with us," Grant said before the game. And though they did their best to downplay the effect of his presence, performing in front of Jordan had to be bizarre for the Bulls. "There's nothing worse," said Heat forward John Salley, "than getting your butt kicked in front of your big brother."

Even without Jordan the Bulls have kept their guard up and maintained some of their secretive ways: Curtains are still drawn at their practice complex to block the view of prying reporters. When a Bull spokesman shooed the press out of the team's routine shootaround in Charlotte, a reporter remarked that after a few games without Jordan, media scrutiny would be the least of the Bulls' worries. Jackson and his players are, no doubt, looking forward to that. They are already weary of talking and thinking about Jordan. There is the sense that they would prefer it if he just kept his distance instead of being a constant reminder of what they no longer have. *Thanks, Mike, but don't come back until you're ready to come back to work.* "Michael's gone, we're done with Michael," Pippen said when he was asked after the Miami loss if Jordan's presence had negatively affected the team. "Once

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the game starts you don't notice who's in the stands, whether it's Michael Jordan or Michael Jackson."

In addition to all the other qualities Jordan displayed during his nine-year Bull run, it appears he was an extraordinary good luck charm for the team. During their three championship seasons the Bulls stayed relatively free of injuries to their key players, but lately they've been beating a path to the doctor's office. Pippen missed most of the preseason while recovering from surgery on his right ankle and went on the injured list after three regular-season games, joining Williams and Paxson, both out with knee injuries. Pippen could be out for three weeks.

All of which has forced Jackson to play a game of mix-and-match with his lineup and to fill out his roster with such journeymen as JoJo English, who was never drafted but played six games for the Bulls as a free agent last season; and second-year swingman Dave Johnson, who played 42 games for the Portland Trail Blazers last year. In Charlotte, Jackson played 10 men in the first quarter, and he has put some truly uninspiring units on the floor—at one point against Miami, the three-time world champs had Myers and Kerr at guard, with 1993 first-round pick Corie Blount and career reserves Stacey King and Perdue up front. Garbage time against the Heat made for a particularly depressing tableau, with Jordan watching, empty seats dotting the arena and longtime nemesis Salley and his Miami teammates talking trash to the Bulls from the bench: "Yo, Superman's dead, fellas!" As the final minutes passed, the song that blared from the public-address system summed it all: *"Mama said there'd be days like this. . . ."* Jordan, who had told the crowd during the ceremony that he would "always be a Chicago Bull fan," joined many of his fellow fans in heading for the exits early. As he left, several of those who remained chanted, "Come back, Mike!" And they weren't talking about returning to his seat.

JOHN BIEVER

Andrew Lang's throw-down won't be the last it's-our-turn slam these Bulls will suffer.

Like many fans, assistant Jim Cleamons couldn't bear to watch the Bulls' home debut.

With all the new pieces, perhaps Jackson should seek the counsel of Kukoc, whose favorite hobby is working on jigsaw puzzles. But even Kukoc probably would not have expected the 30-year-old Myers, who has been cut by five teams (including Chicago), to be such a significant part of the whole; he replaced Jordan in the starting lineup. The choice makes sense. As a virtual unknown, Myers doesn't bear the pressure of high expectations that Kukoc or a high-profile free agent like Los Angeles Laker Byron Scott would have had. It's like replacing David Letterman with, say, Conan O'Brien.

Not that Myers wilts under a little pressure. While Kukoc is still a bit wide-eyed about the NBA, Myers has the pragmatic air of a player who has been around the block a time or two. "Around the block? I've been around the *world*," he says. Drafted by the Bulls out of Arkansas–Little Rock in the sixth round in 1986, Myers spent the past two seasons playing for Scavolini of the Italian League. He is an unassuming sort who is fully aware of his marginal status, starter or not. When someone asked if he had been the first option on the final play against Charlotte, Myers threw back his head and laughed uproariously. "Are you serious?" he said.

But it could have happened, and it probably will before the season is over. All bets are off with these Bulls, and every game is a new adventure. It might not be as much fun as measuring themselves for a fourth championship ring, but in a way, it's more intriguing. "You think you have us figured out?" says Grant. "Come back tomorrow night. We'll confuse you all over again." ■

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'Dad, they let me go,' Kosar says

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IO'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER Cleveland, Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1993 SPORTS FINAL

Sacked

Browns bounce Bernie

The Last Straw

The Browns' cold-fish coach, Bill Belichick, is unpopular in Cleveland, where he did the unthinkable—he cut Bernie Kosar | by NED ZEMAN

NOBODY EVER SAID YOU had to be fun. Where in the contract does it stipulate that a coach has to exchange witticisms with the media and banter with the local boosters and lead rounds of *Kumbaya* on the team charter? Nowhere, that's where. But it never stops, this incessant droning about how you never lighten up, about how you have all the panache of a toaster oven, about how you're not, as they say in the NFL, "a player's coach."

Which is weird because, for one thing, this is the league whose legendary coaches—Landry, Lombardi, Halas—were not exactly the first guys you would invite over to gather around the piano for an evening of show tunes. This is the No Fun League, the one that fines players for wearing their socks incorrectly, for dancing after touchdowns, for . . . well, for just having fun. It's also weird because your Cleveland Browns just happened to be riding atop the AFC Central while enduring an excruciating quarterback controversy that died only when Vinny Testaverde's throwing shoulder did.

Or so it seemed. On Nov. 8 the Browns' coach, Bill Belichick, went and did the weirdest thing of all: With Testaverde out indefinitely because of a separated shoulder, Belichick unceremoniously waived quarterback Bernie Kosar, the most revered Cleveland player since Jim Brown and a special favorite of the fans because of his Ohio roots. Kosar's departure left the Brown offense in the green hands of a fellow named Todd Philcox, heretofore known around town as the Guy with the Clipboard. To the Brown faithful, particularly those given to public displays of bone waving, the move took its place beside the Rocky Colavito–for–Harvey

Kosar (18) was the wrong man for Belichick's system, but he won right away in Dallas.

Kuenn trade, the Paul Brown firing and the Paul Warfield trade as one of the darkest moments in Cleveland sports history. Kosar was signed by the Dallas Cowboys two days later, and his new team was flooded with calls from Brown fans ordering Kosar jerseys to wear in the Dawg Pound. In Cleveland one fan burned his season tickets for the benefit of the local media, which have given the story more coverage than they have NAFTA.

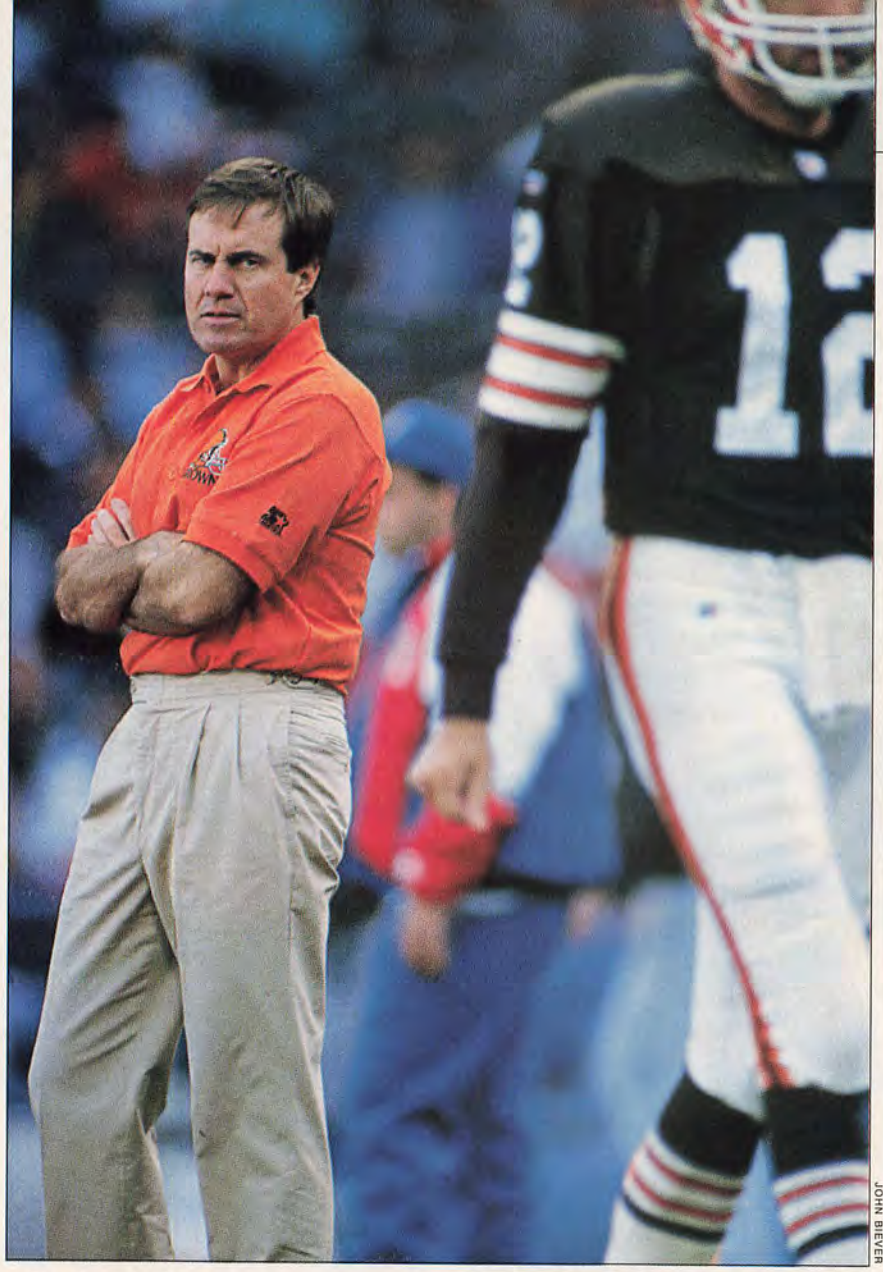
Belichick knows it's all weird, but there's a catch: *He doesn't care.* That's just the way he is. Take him or leave him. This is football, and in football there's no room for hand-wringing and squishy psychoanalysis. "You prepare a team as best you can," he says. "You put them on the field, and you do your very best to win. The rest hardly matters. I may look at the paper every now and then, but come on. I've got other things to worry about."

At least he's consistent. He spends much of an interview at the Browns' training complex explaining how much he hates doing interviews. He would rather chew aluminum foil for an hour than be interviewed. He is by turns dour, suspicious and ornery, although in an unfailingly polite sort of way. If *Bill Belichick: The Movie* were ever made, Belichick would be played by Harrison Ford: aloof, rumpled, preoccupied by things the rest of us will never fully understand. His hair is all over the place, as is his hopeless sweater, which sports the Browns' unfashionable team colors of brown and orange. "He doesn't exactly look comfortable in a suit," explains defensive tackle Jerry Ball, who otherwise admires Belichick.

But the criticism of Belichick goes beyond whether he should switch to double-breasteds. Ever since he replaced the fired Bud Carson in 1991, radio talk shows in Cleveland have devolved into Belichick floggings. His offense stinks, both hosts and listeners complain. They say that he needs an offensive coordinator; that he's too caught up in plodding, New York Giant–style football; and that he was always anti-Kosar, which, in Cleveland, is like being anti–organized labor. Above all, everyone agrees that Belichick has a serious communication deficit. "He's not a great personality person," says Giant general manager George Young, recalling Belichick's days as New York's defensive coordinator. "He can be pretty tight sometimes," says Brown linebacker Pepper Johnson. "The man's not Rodney Dangerfield."

"He's had difficulty with people," says Cleveland owner Art Modell. "He's nervous, shy, withdrawn. He won't be master of ceremonies at many banquets."

Unlike many of his counterparts, Belichick never played professional football, and he didn't major in Theory of Sports or Beer Technology at State U. He is the closet intellectual of NFL coaches and spent his formative years at the exclusive Phillips Academy, in Andover, Mass. Belichick lined up at center there and played well, albeit not against the sort of players who come out of Pennsylvania steel towns or the west Texas plains. It was pretty much the same at Wesleyan University, where he played tight end and center and majored in economics. He was so good that he was avidly recruited—by Fortune 500 companies, not NFL teams.



JOHN BIEVER

Even his admirers concede that Belichick's personality does not endear him to his players.

He doesn't like talking about all this (what else is new?), and in fact, he presents himself as something of an anti-intellectual, as if being smart and well-read is an indication of weakness. "I don't read much," he insists almost plaintively. "I haven't read many books at all." But he cannot disguise his intelligence. Throw out a simple question, of the how-well-is-your-defense-playing variety, and he responds, "Relative to what?" Ask a stupid question, get a metaphysical answer. He lightens up every once in a while, especially with his family and his close friends, who include another coach lacking in interpersonal skills, Bob Knight.

After Wesleyan, Belichick's white-collar future seemed assured. But, again, *he just didn't care*. Business could wait. It happened that young Belichick had an alter ego, a sort of evil twin who kept whispering "defense" into his ear. His name was . . . Belichick, as in longtime Navy special teams coach Steve Belichick, who also happened to be Bill's father.

When Bill was growing up in Annapolis, Md., his parents only had two complaints about him. He would lock his bedroom door and blast rock music; and when he wasn't playing air guitar upstairs—there's an image to treasure—he would head for the basement, where he would spend hours snapping a football against the wall. The family would sit down to eat. *Thud.* They would flick on the TV. *Thud.* "He was a center," says Steve. "That's all he wanted to do."

With a hand from his dad, young Belichick convinced Baltimore Colt coach Ted Marchibroda to hire him in 1975 as a low-paid coach/serf. He was eventually lured away by the Detroit Lions as assistant special teams coach because that job included the use of a Ford Thunderbird and $15,000 for the season. There was a stop in Denver as a defensive and special teams assistant before Belichick, by then known throughout the league as the wunderkind with the film fetish, was hired by Giant coach Ray Perkins in 1979 as his special teams coach. When Bill Parcells took over the Giants in '83, the 31-year-old Belichick was elevated to defensive coordinator. That connection can't be stressed enough, for Belichick is nothing if not a Parcells disciple. "He's not a buddy-buddy kind of guy," says Testaverde, "because he's so busy preparing all the time."

In the days surrounding the Giants' 1991 Super Bowl win, Belichick's name was at the top of Modell's wish list to replace Carson, who had been dumped just one day after he benched Kosar in favor of journeyman Mike Pagel during an embarrassing loss to the Buffalo Bills two months earlier. The Giants had a lot of defense, and the Browns had very little. It made sense at the time.

And yet Belichick has been on the defensive ever since. He had fashioned a 13–19 record with the Browns coming into this season, and for the most part, the Cleveland offense during that time had been something close to miserable. Part of that had to do with Kosar's ever-deteriorating throwing elbow. But the running game had also been virtually nonexistent, which, to the dismay of his critics, didn't for a moment cause Belichick to abandon the conservative, bang-that-baby-up-the-middle game plan he had learned from Parcells. "There are always going to be critics who say that stuff," Belichick says, waving his hand dismissively. "When I was with the Giants, we were 10 and 0, and people were saying, 'You've got no passing, no rush, no quarterback, too many old players.' We're 10 and 0, and they're *bitching*. It's ludicrous."

What's really ludicrous, the critics say, is that Belichick has 15 assistant coaches but no offensive coordinator. One Cleveland columnist calculated that 75% of the Brown season-ticket holders would like to see Belichick canned—an assertion that moves the fellow being fitted for the guillotine to a rare laugh. "When I first got here, there were plenty of empty seats," Belichick says, "but I don't see many now." He's not finished. "As for the coor-

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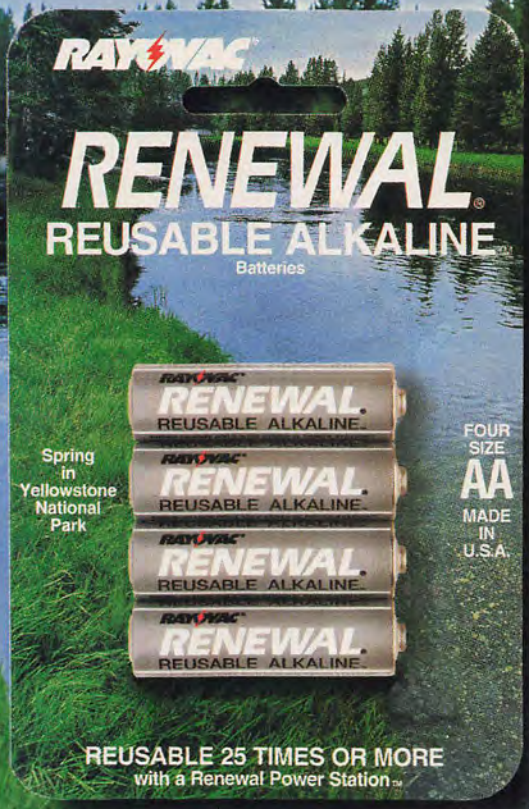

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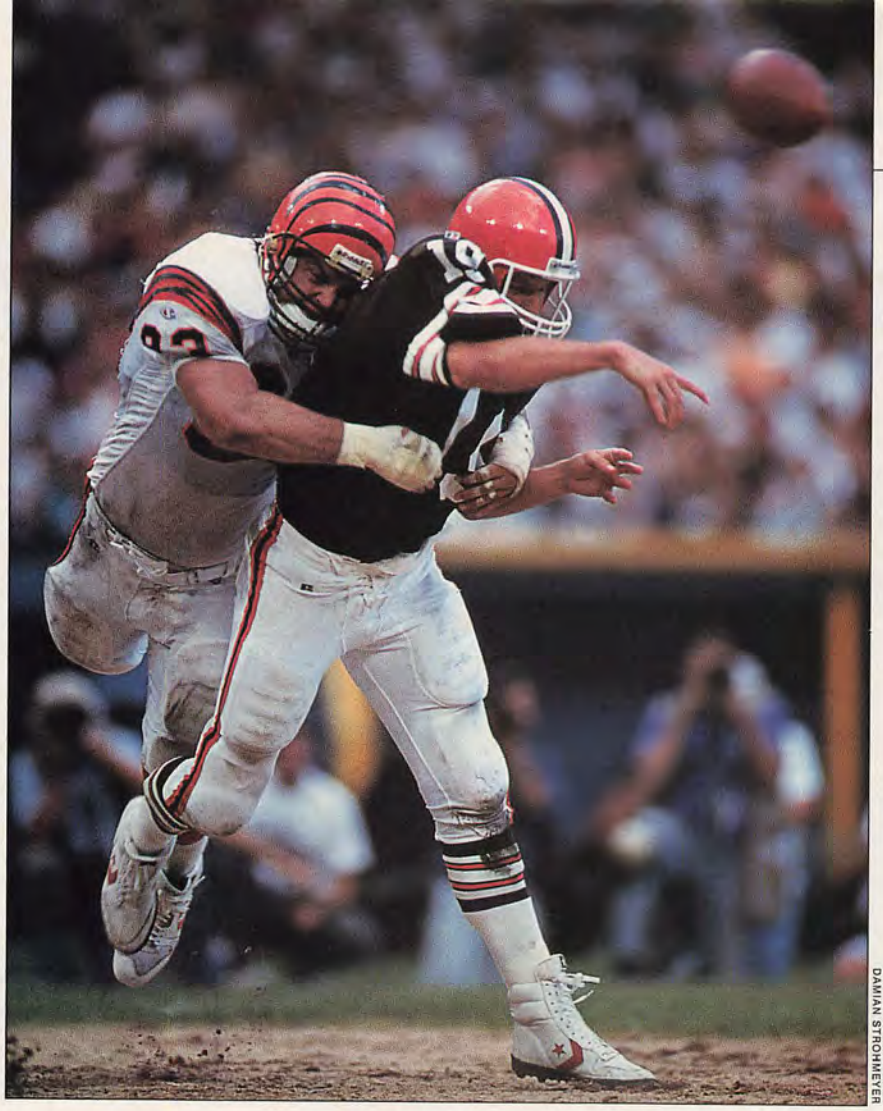

DAMIAN STROHMEYER

PETER READ MILLER

To Belichick, Kosar (above) was too slow afoot, but Testaverde is only a step faster.

dinator business, all the coaches pitch in. We all know how to play offense."

But let's be honest. This unpleasantness is less about offensive schemes than it is about Belichick's personality, or lack thereof. Several recently departed Browns—Brian Brennan, Paul Farren, Webster Slaughter—have blasted their former boss for being an automaton who offers no positive motivation and sees players only as faceless cogs. Last summer defensive tackle Michael Dean Perry finally had enough and briefly boycotted Belichick's practices. Then, last month, receiver Michael Jackson upped the ante by fairly eviscerating Belichick during a meeting of the Ashland County Browns Backers, who are to the Cleveland brass what the UAW is to the Democratic Party. "If you question Bill, you're out of line," Jackson reportedly said. "He can't relate to the players." Tight end Scott Galbraith, cut earlier this season by Belichick and picked up last week by the Cowboys, calls Belichick's coaching "bully-ball" and draws comparisons to Napoleon.

He just doesn't care. That's the underlying message again, but maybe it's a stretch. In fact, Belichick's greatest problem may be that he cares way too much about the minutiae of football; minutiae are his life. Although the Giants generally revered him, some players would sprinkle ice on their faces during meetings in order to stay awake as Belichick droned on about tendencies and weaknesses and blind spots. "One day Bill came to me and asked what he could do to improve his coaching," recalls Young. "We decided that he should take some courses [in communication]."

Johnson, who played under Belichick with the Giants, thinks that the problem with the Browns goes beyond one man's personality. "In New York the coaches walked through the locker room, the meeting rooms, everything," he says. "We *had* to run into each other. But they don't do that here in our facility. To have any kind of relationship, you have to rub elbows." Johnson also suggests that some of his current teammates had been "breast-fed" by other, less demanding coaches and now resent a little discipline. And Ball insists that this whole communication thing is inaccurate: "When Bill's upset, he can *definitely* express himself." More significantly, Ball has gotten along well with Belichick—a whole lot better than Ball did with the coach at his last stop, the Lions' Wayne Fontes, widely known as the consummate player's coach.

But back to the quarterback mess. By now everyone knows the story line: Kosar struggles, there are squabbles over play-calling, Belichick benches Kosar for Testaverde, Belichick is demonized by the media, Belichick gives Kosar another shot, Kosar is benched again, Belichick is demonized again. Never mind that in his two games as a starter, Testaverde had clearly outplayed Kosar, passing crisply and confusing defenses, or that Kosar is one of the few quarterbacks whom Testaverde can actually outrun. In Cleveland you don't mess with Bernie, particularly when the replacement has spent much of his career looking good in a baseball cap. Add to that Modell's once close relationship with Kosar, and it appeared that Belichick was ready for the Bud Carson treatment.

But on Oct. 22, nearly a week after Testaverde's first start, Modell signed Beli-

chick to a two-year contract extension. "I've never interfered in a personnel matter," says Modell, who gingerly supported Kosar's release. "With all the criticism floating around, I wanted to show that I stand completely by Bill."

An affable fellow, Kosar tried to play the good soldier this year. But those around him say he was puzzled and hurt by his benching, and most Browns figured that either he or Belichick would be history at the end of the season. Still, few players expected last week's development, and when it happened, few were supportive of the decision to release Kosar. "It's just very frustrating," said cornerback Terry Taylor, "because there's nothing we can do about it as players."

Added running back Leroy Hoard, "I don't think [Kosar] has lost his skills. I don't think this is about diminishing skills; this is about Bill wanting to go a certain way, and so that's what he chose to do."

The bottom line is that Kosar refused to follow Belichick's offensive script. Kosar is a cerebral quarterback who needs to have the freedom to switch plays at the line in order to be effective, and Belichick viewed Kosar's audibles as an affront to his authority. Some Brown players have said that even when Kosar's play selection worked, Belichick would scream at him to stick to his instructions.

Belichick won't discuss Berniegate in detail, but he says, "I've even heard that I sat Bernie because I don't like him," he says. "Anyone who thinks I'd do all this work and then sit some guy because I don't like him—that's insane."

The insanity has been nurtured by much of the Cleveland media, with whom Belichick has been at war almost since day one. Not surprisingly, Belichick has popped off, Parcells-style, at a few reporters. Beat writers even joke that management has bugged the Browns' press room or has a double-agent sportswriter feeding the team information. ("Hmmm," says team publicist Kevin Byrne, "that's not a bad idea.")

"I don't have anything against the media," Belichick says. "I answer their questions every day. I'll talk about the game, but the rest of the stuff isn't what I get paid for." Fair enough. In the NFL you get paid to win. Put up or shut up. Obviously, Belichick grasps this. "It's just better to do your talking on the field," he says. Then, all done talking, he heads back to the sanctuary of his office. ■

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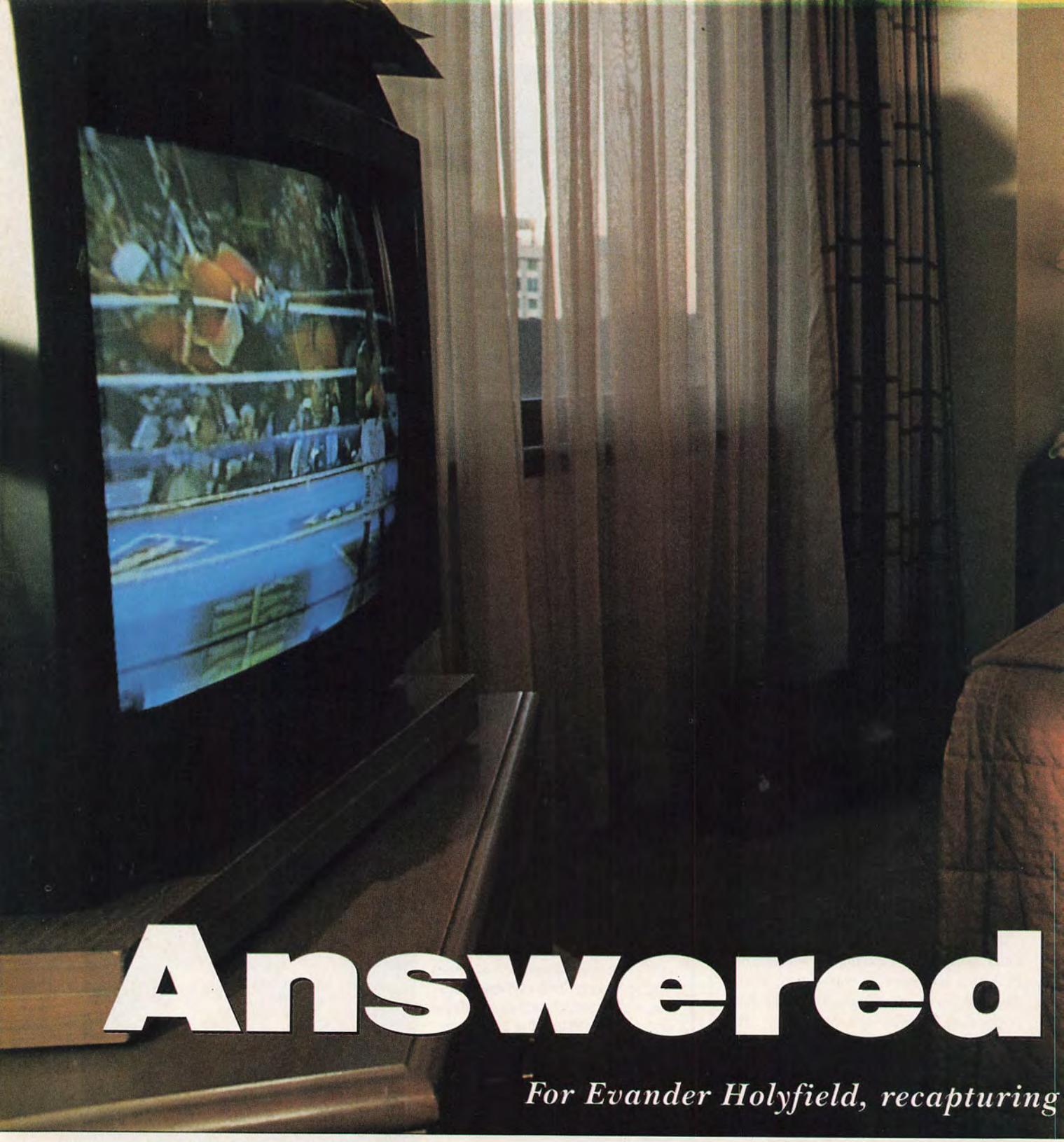


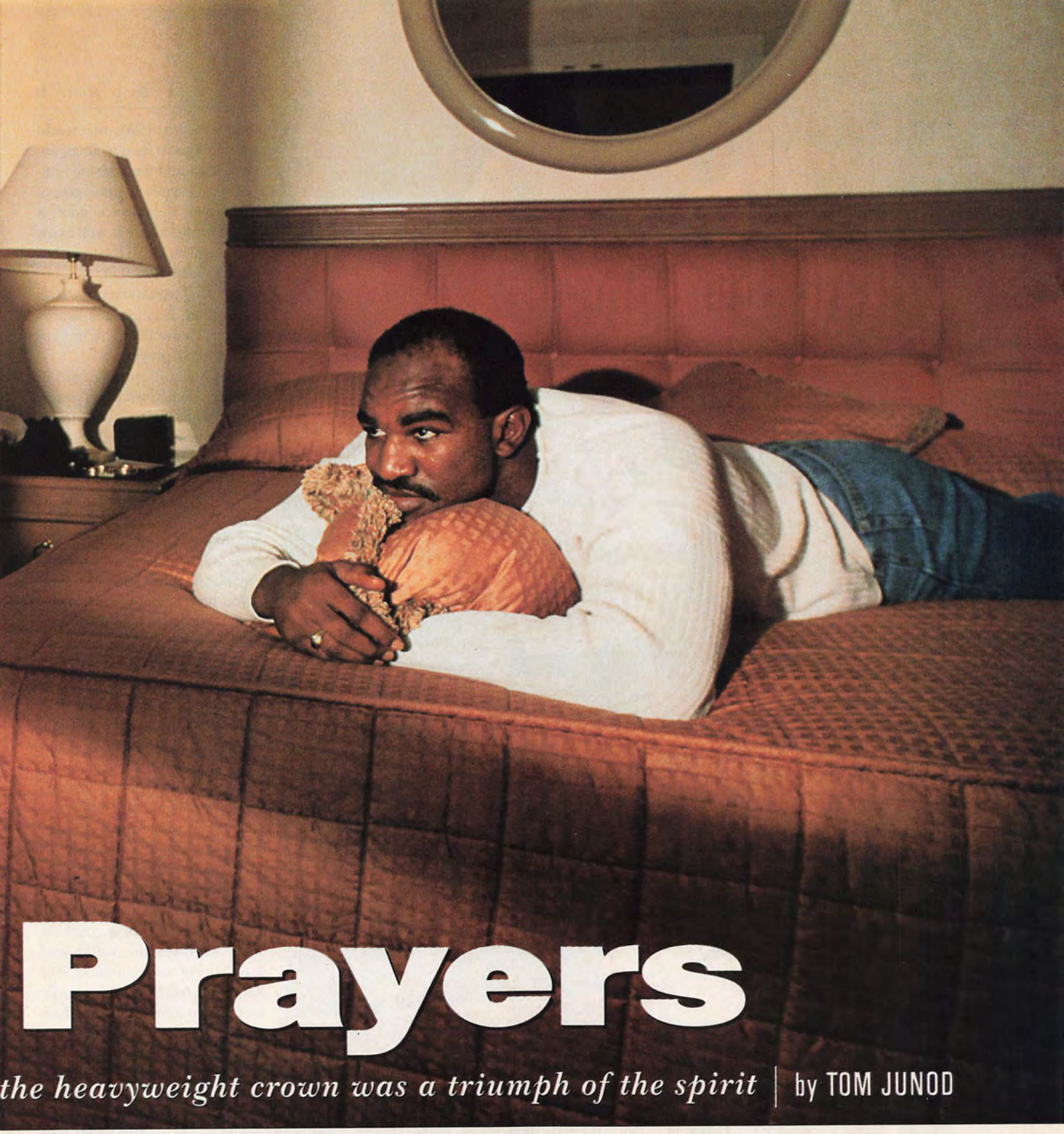
Answered

For Evander Holyfield, recapturing

IN A ROOM IN NEW YORK CITY THE NEW heavyweight champion of the world is talking to himself. In a room in New York City the new heavyweight champion of the world—who not two weeks ago was the old heavyweight champion of the world—is preparing to scale the pinnacle of American celebrity by mastering the pronunciation of one word: "Regis. Regis. Regis. Regis. . . ."

The new heavyweight champion of the world is, of course, Evander Holyfield, who on Nov. 6 regained the title he had lost a year ago to Riddick Bowe, and he's chanting this mantra because he's about to go on the *Late Show with David Letterman*, and the Letterman people don't know exactly what to make of him. All afternoon they've been trying to think of something for Evander Holyfield to do when he is presented to Dave, and Dave presents him to the world. Dance? Could Holyfield dance for Dave? Well, that's an idea. . . . After all, Holyfield loves to dance and is a heck of a dancer. But, no, Holyfield doesn't want to dance; he didn't throw himself at the mercy of God, didn't make himself walk through fire, didn't reclaim the world heavyweight championship so that he could go on the David Let-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN



Prayers

the heavyweight crown was a triumph of the spirit | by TOM JUNOD

terman show and *dance.* O.K., O.K., what else? There are some funny stories about Holyfield in the old days, about the Olympics; maybe he could tell them, maybe they would make Dave laugh. No? Well, somebody better come up with *something,* because Dave is particular that way: By including them on his show he offers his guests their cultural coronation, but in return he wants them to *do* something for him, or at least say something funny, and he wants to know what they're going to do, or say, long before they sit next to him and the coronation begins.

Holyfield is already in his dressing room, in a beautiful chocolate-brown double-breasted suit, surrounded by his friends and handlers, when he learns that what they have finally come up with for him is a punch line, an ongoing gag: Regis. Regis? Holyfield doesn't even know who Regis *is,* but that doesn't matter. His p.r. person, Kathy Duva, explains that Letterman wants to squeeze some more laughs from his mock feud with Regis Philbin; that before Holyfield goes onstage he's going to meet Dave to tape a skit; that Dave is going to chomp on a mouthpiece and start sparring with him, and Holyfield is going to scowl and ask,

JOHN IACONO

Holyfield hammered Bowe with a left hook during their title rematch in Las Vegas.

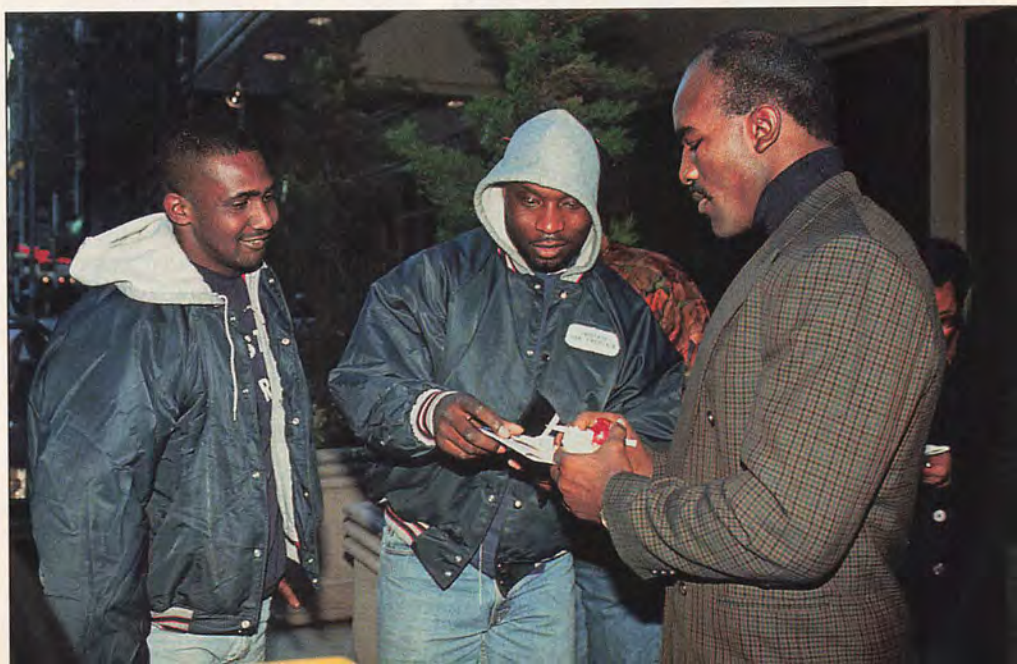
"What's Regis's number?" Holyfield looks at Duva and says uncertainly, *"Regis?"* "Trust me," Duva answers, "it's very funny." Holyfield shrugs, closes his eyes and begins to practice, fervently. "Regis, Regis," he says again and again, and the words come off his lips like a prayer.

Oh, hell, the world has *never* known exactly what to make of Evander Holyfield, what to do with him, what it wants to hear him say. Does the world want to *claim* Evander Holyfield? Of course it does—the world always wants to claim its warriors. It needs them, needs them to fight, to suffer and to prevail, and in this Holyfield has been exemplary. Fight? Suffer? This man, every time he entered the ring, prayed to God for the strength to walk through fire, and until the first time he met Bowe, he did prevail. The world wasn't content with what he could do with his fists and his heart, though; the world is a hungry thing, and when Holyfield became the heavyweight champion for the first time, in 1990, the world wanted him to feed its imagination. It asked him to shape himself into a symbol, a paragon of menace or defiance or cool; it asked for his *words* as well as his flesh, and in this Holyfield has always been deficient, not because the words aren't there, but rather because the words that rush naturally to his lips are the words of prayer.

Holyfield is prodigious in prayer. That's what he does; that's what he's about; that's what defines and confines him. He prays, goes to church, reads the Bible, talks about God. Talk? If you want the man to *talk*, then indulge Holyfield's spirituality, his philosophy, and he'll talk as long as you want—two hours, three hours, forever. Take his theology away from him, though, as sportswriters tend naturally to do, and you might as well shear the hair from Samson: He becomes a lesser man. He becomes very polite, very nice and very—well, boring. Yes, from 1990, when Holyfield won the heavyweight title from Buster Douglas, until 1992, when he lost it to Bowe, that was what most people thought we had: a dutiful dullard—a *small* dutiful dullard as heavyweight champion.

The thing about Holyfield, though, is this: For a religious man, he loves the world and loves being its champion. He loves the celebrity, the people catering to him and calling him champ. It wore on him, this reputation for being boring, no matter how steadfastly he said it didn't. What more did he have to do to prove himself? What more did he have to do to shuck the shadow of Mike Tyson? He had done everything people wanted him to do. They wanted interviews, he gave them interviews; they wanted him to travel, he traveled; to please the world, he sacrificed his training, his time with his family and even—yes, if only a little—his time with his God. By the time he fought Bowe in 1992 he had begun to think that he had done all those things for nothing, that the world was still against him, that people

RANDY TEPPER

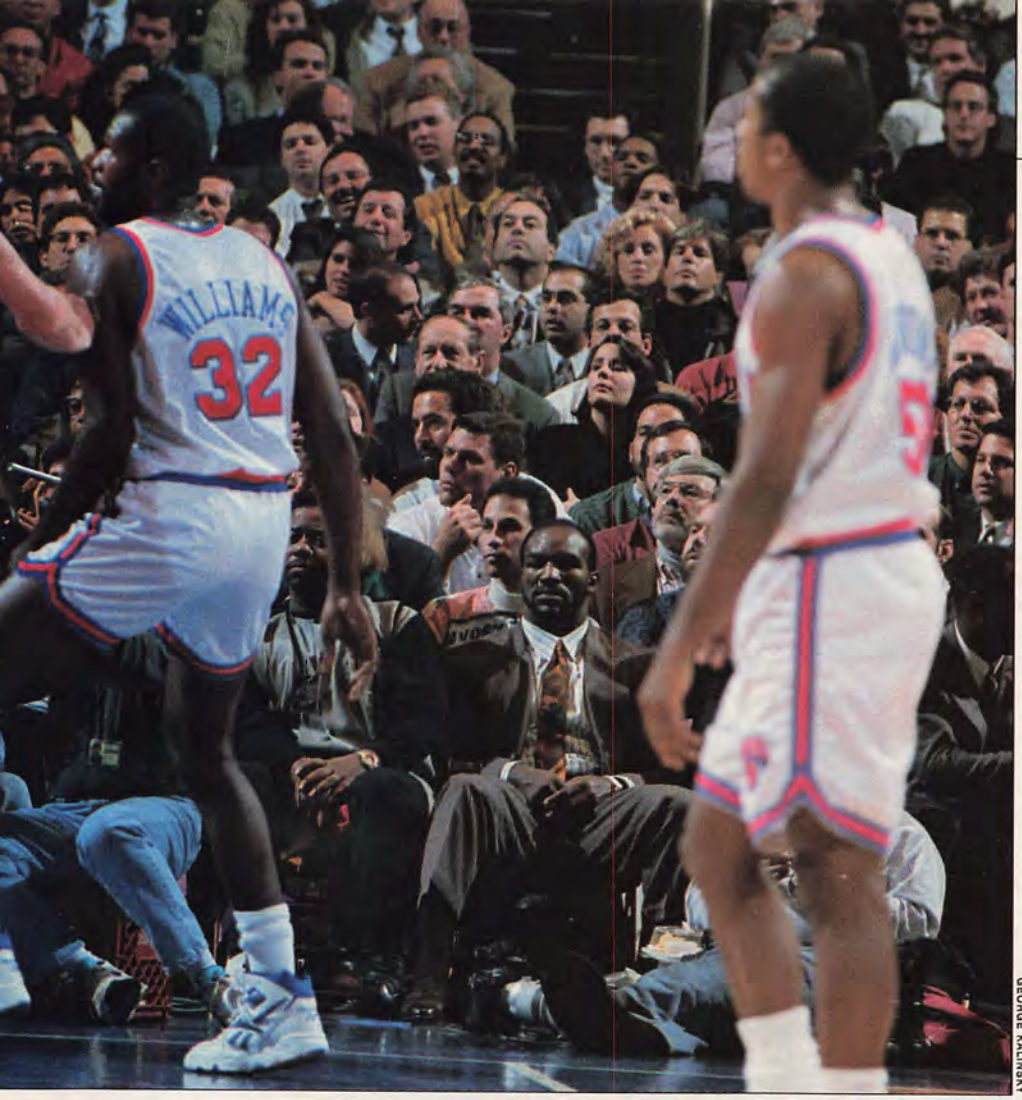


In L.A. (top), the champ chatted with (from left) Hammer, Steward and Arsenio; in New York, he shopped at Macy's and confounded autograph seekers with a Biblical message.

"didn't want me to win," that "if this thing goes to a decision, they're going to rob me." A knockout—*that* was what he needed, *that* was what the world demanded of him. And when he didn't get it—when, in fact, he lost the decision and lost his title—he believed, as he told trainer Emanuel Steward some months later, that God had struck him down.

When Steward flew from Detroit to Atlanta to discuss for the first time the prospect of helping Holyfield regain his title, he "couldn't believe how small Evander was, for a heavyweight." It was as though Holyfield had been whittled down, and, indeed, that is precisely what had happened: He had become a small man searching desperately for the big man inside of him. After he lost to Bowe, Holyfield announced his retirement, then complained that the judges had robbed him. Then he split with the trainers who had nurtured his rise to the top, George Benton and Lou Duva; he bought a motorcycle, then got tired of riding it; he bought horses, then got tired of riding *them*; he praised God for relieving him of the title's great burden, then prayed to understand how God could sink him so low. Then he asked God if he should fight again, and then, when he discerned God's answer, begged the heavens for the courage to return to the ring. See, Holyfield didn't *want* to fight again; for the first time in his life he found himself searching for excuses, heard himself coming up with the reasons he should stay retired, until he realized that what he had been facing all along was fear—fear of "inadequacy," fear that he had started taking too many punches, fear that his doubters were right, fear of work, fear of pain—and it was that realization alone that led him to call Steward and return to the gym.

A slight, soft-spoken man with a medley of races running in his blood, Steward had trained a host of champions—Thomas Hearns most notable among them—out of his Kronk Gym in Detroit, but he had never taken a heavyweight to the title, and he was, in Holyfield's estimation, "hungry." Steward came to Holyfield's hometown of Atlanta and, after "getting inside Evander's head a little bit," he



GEORGE KALINSKY

Holyfield enjoyed the worldly side of life while in New York, watching the Knicks at the Garden and dancing with girlfriend Nancy Baron.

found the athlete of his dreams: an athlete who drew his strength—even his *physical* strength—from his faith and who saw his rematch with Bowe as an occasion for atonement. In all the dark nights that followed his dethroning, Holyfield had come to believe that God had intended him to be the heavyweight champion of the world—chosen him, selected him—and that by falling away from boxing he had fallen away from God. Well.... Steward is a godly man, but he is also a canny one, and what he did for Holyfield was this: He turned boxing itself into a form of prayer and his training camp into a form of worship, built around the dictates of church and family. Holyfield needed to work on his fundamentals? He had to discipline himself to *box* Bowe? Well, then, fundamentals and discipline would become expressions of his faith. To jab was godly; to slug was ungodly. To stay on one's toes, to take one's shots and speed out of harm's way—godly; to stay in Bowe's range and get one's head taken off—ungodly.

Holyfield trained for a week and then "claimed victory." He was not bragging, he said; he was simply saying that God had given him the fight, and now all he had to do was take it. Everything had been foretold. In Las Vegas before the second Bowe fight, Holyfield spoke to a minister who told him to say, "Here I am, Lord, Thy will be done," as he entered the ring and to say, "It is done," every time he hit Bowe to the body. And in the fourth round of the fight, when Holyfield was coming on, that's exactly what he did: a shot to the body, a grunt, "It is done!"; a shot to the body, a grunt, "It is done!"

Yes, it had *all* been foretold, even the sight of the parachute coming down from the sky in the seventh round. Hadn't the minister told Holyfield that the devil would try to defeat him with a distraction? Hadn't the minister told him that sometime during the fight he would have to pray, to prevent the devil from sowing fear in his heart? Sure enough, during the 21-minute interruption of the seventh round, he sat in his corner and felt it, the little germ of fear, because he felt everything else, the ache in his arms, the knots in his head and neck, the cramping in his back, how much he hurt, how *hard* Bowe hit. Then he thanked Jesus—"for what I know, but let Your will be done"—and came back and rallied convincingly when the seventh round resumed, and the crowd started chanting, "Holy! Holy!" and Steward told him that all he had to do was keep winning rounds and "you can go to church in the morning," because that's all he wanted to do, fly right back to Atlanta and go to church with his mother.

He didn't fly back to Atlanta right away. He went to church, sure, but he was heavyweight champion, and the world wanted him again. Did he want the world? Of course he did. He flew to Los Angeles, for *The Arsenio Hall Show*, on Monday, two days after the fight. He took the red-eye to New York that night and once there sat in a hotel suite and talked to reporters—no, *entertained* reporters, made them laugh, made them listen—with an ease, a serenity, a command that was unmistakable. Why did everyone love him *now*? Everywhere he went, they circled for his autograph, like hungry dogs; everywhere he went, it was "Yo, champ!" and "Hey, champ!" and "Congratula-

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Entertainment WEEKLY

THE CHRONICLE OF POPULAR CULTURE

Back in Atlanta, Holyfield was on the sidelines to see Evander Jr. play for the Knights.

tions, champ!" He went to a party in the new Sony Plaza, one of *those* parties, with spotlights and paparazzi, and champagne and delicate snacks fashioned out of caviar and truffles, coming around on silver trays; he sat behind a rope, in the area cordoned off for celebrities, but although he was in the company of Gregory Hines and Michael Douglas and Rosie Perez and Jason Patric, *he* was the one the gawkers were gaping at: "You see him? He's *huge*!" He went to Madison Square Garden for the New York Knicks' home opener and sat courtside, in the seats reserved for Paul Simon; and when they flashed his image on the video screen, the crowd stood and roared and, in the ultimate approbation of New York City's sporting public, thrust clenched fists into the air and cried, "Yo, Ho-laaay!"

He *couldn't* go home. He wanted to go home on Tuesday after Letterman; he decided to stay. He wanted to go home on Wednesday; but late Tuesday afternoon, a man came running beside Holyfield's limo, out of nowhere, and there he was, Jay Larkin, vice-president for events and specials at Showtime, sticking his head in the window, asking him, begging him, to stay for a victory party on Thursday. Well.... Holyfield was out of clean clothes, and he really had to go back to Atlanta, but Larkin was a good friend, and as Steward said from his seat in the limousine, "This is your week, baby; you're never going to have another one like it." So Holyfield decided to stay until Friday, but even then, who knew how long the world would make its demands on him? And who knew what God intended for a man who dared claim that all this—the life of a champion—was what had been prepared for him all along?

As it turned out, the Letterman people didn't have to worry about a thing. Holyfield was just fine. The scripted bit about Regis Philbin was amusing enough, and Holyfield's conversation with Dave was warm and funny, especially when he talked about his nine-year-old son, Evander Jr. Indeed, as she sat in the greenroom—where people wait before they go onstage—Kathy Duva watched the taping on a monitor and couldn't stop shaking her head and saying how proud she was of Evander. Then Marv Albert came in and watched the show for a few minutes. "This is the best I've ever seen him," Albert remarked. "Yeah," Duva said, "this is the longest I've ever seen him smile."

Then Holyfield shook Dave's hand and said goodnight. He came into the greenroom, and one of the Letterman people thanked him and said, "Dave really enjoyed it. I hope you enjoyed it too."

Then, with his friends and handlers following him, he headed for the side door, and on his way to his limousine passed through the gantlet of men and women proffering pictures and boxing gloves and scraps of paper for him to sign. "Yo, champ! Yo, Evander!" He signed quickly and was already seated in the limousine, with the pens and papers and pictures rattling against the window, when the men and women read an autograph he had given them: "Evander Holyfield. Philippians 4:13." *I can do all things in Christ, who strengthens me.* . . .

Two guys in New York Giant jackets read what Holyfield had inscribed on their boxing gloves and looked at each other.

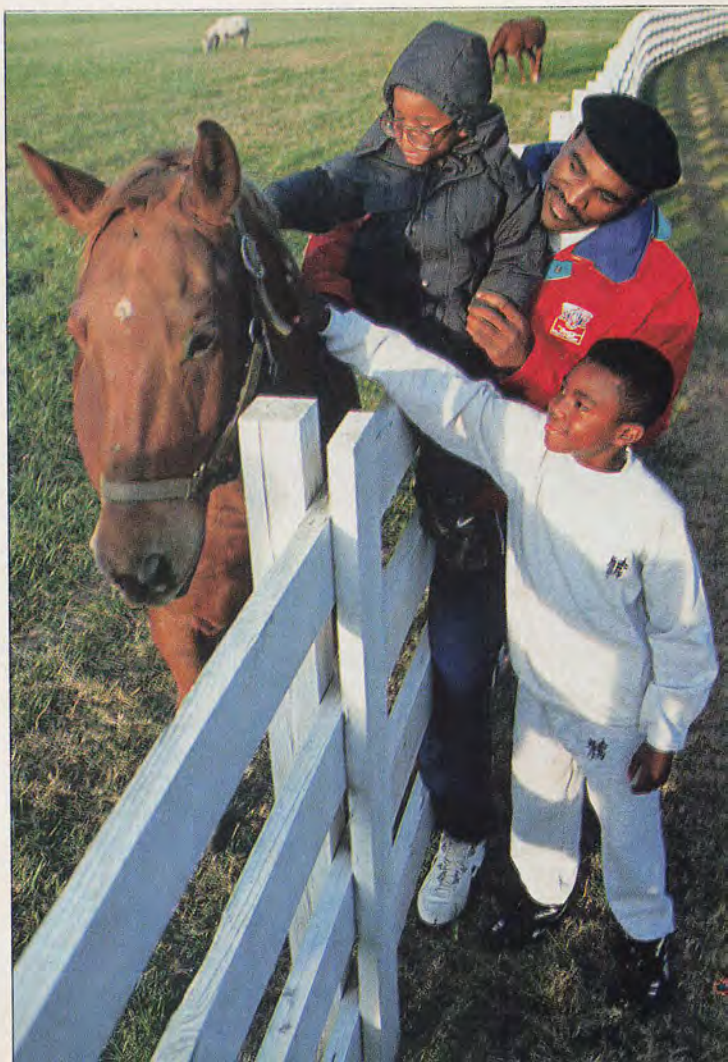
"What the hell is this?" one asked.

"I guess it's from the Bible," his friend said.

"Oh, wow. *Thanks a lot, Evander.*"

"I guess we'll have to look it up, see what it is."

Then, as Holyfield's limousine sped away, the two guys climbed into their Oldsmobile and followed him into the world. ■



Ewin (glasses) and Evander Jr. horsed around with their dad.

Mail-Order Muscles

How big is the market for illegal bodybuilding drugs? Huge, says the author, who went on the trail of a steroid-selling scam | by RICK TELANDER

A FRIEND GAVE ME THE TWO-PAGE ORDER FORM AND ASKED me what I thought of it. I glanced at the sheets and said I thought it was remarkable.

"It is nothing for someone on Steroids to gain 20 . . . 30 . . . or even 40 pounds of muscle in just 12 weeks or less!" the pages screamed. "Isn't it about time that YOU make your bodybuilding dreams a reality!! Make all that hard work pay off! TAKE ACTION NOW!" The form was from a Toronto company called Mass Machine, and it offered most of the anabolic steroids I'd heard of in my sporting and sportswriting careers.

"Can this be real?" my friend asked. I said I didn't know. It is illegal to sell or to use steroids for nonmedical reasons in the U.S. and Canada, but there have long been smuggling pipelines and underground sources for these drugs that are so coveted by bodybuilders and others seeking a shortcut to manliness. I told my friend I would try to find out what was going on.

The most direct way to find out, I reasoned, was to order some drugs from Mass Machine and see what happened. I sat at my kitchen table, and I went down the list: Dianabol, Anadrol 50, Winstrol, Anavar, Halotestin, Testosterone Undecanoate, Deca-Durabolin, Testosterone Cypionate, Equipoise. What would the Boz have chosen, or Steve Courson, or the late Lyle Alzado? If I were a 19-year-old weightlifting male with a frail ego—and I decided that was the sort of person

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OWEN SMITH

most likely to find an order form like this irresistible—what would I tick off the list?

I checked Dianabol, 5-mg tabs, 100 tablets to the bottle. The granddaddy of them all. What the heck, I'd better get three bottles. At $28 a pop, it seemed like the kind of thing a kid wouldn't pass up. I knew the bodybuilder's cynical credo: Die young, die strong, Dianabol. But does that worry the hundreds of thousands of adolescent males in the U.S. who currently take illicit steroids to try to pump themselves up, or the thousands of other kids who try to get the drugs and can't? Does it worry the professional wrestlers, football players, runners, shot-putters, weightlifters, swimmers, boxers, tennis players—yes, tennis players—who are looking for an immoral edge? Not much, it seems. Die young? I recalled the battle cry of the steroid-abusing players on the University of South Carolina football team a few years back: "Bury me massive!"

But I knew about the potential side effects of steroid use, from the relatively benign—baldness, acne—to the serious: endocrine-system damage, heart and liver problems, tumors, cholesterol buildup, strokes, and shrinkage of certain—ahem—male body parts. And I knew also about 'roid rage, the mental mayhem that often grips users. Every athlete who had ever told me about using steroids had described the edginess, the irritability and the open hostility that rose within him during his cycle.

And so I couldn't believe that a person could simply order all this illegal stuff through the mail the same way you could order a sweater or boxed fruit. My friend had been given the order form by a man who works with him at his real estate office, who had received the form in the mail, unsolicited, at his house. The only thing this original recipient had done that might have made him a candidate for receiving the order form was to subscribe to a couple of running magazines and to *Joe Weider's Muscle & Fitness* magazine. "That doesn't mean I want steroids," he had said.

My friend thought that perhaps I could get to the bottom of the matter.

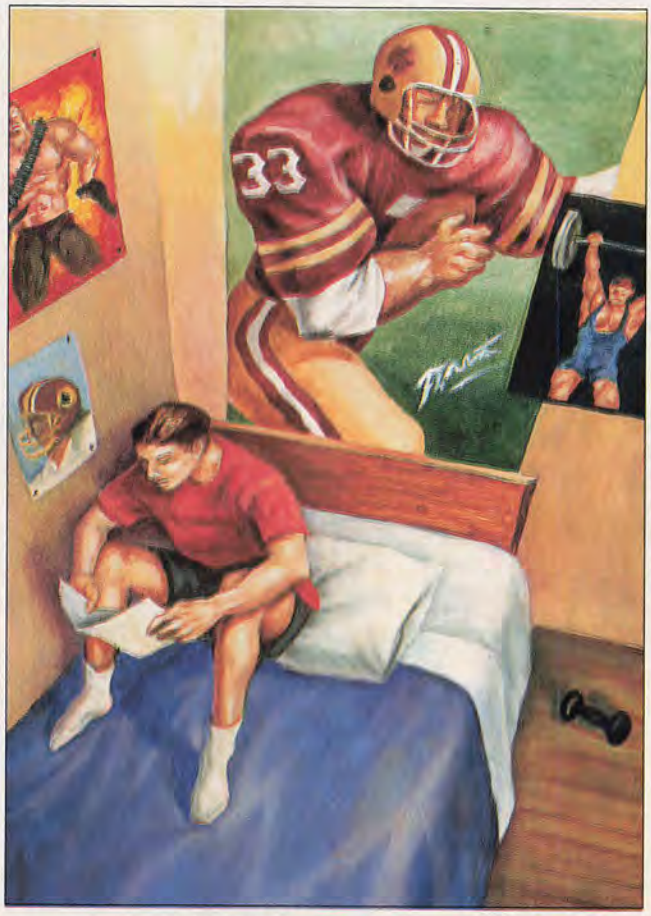
I wanted my request to look legit—not so big that it would draw attention and not so small that it would be dismissed by the purveyors as unworthy of their response. I checked off a bottle of Winstrol for $28, a bottle of Halotestin (2-mg tabs, 100 to a bottle, $35), a box of Periactin Appetite Stimulant for $22, four vials of Deca-Durabolin for $48, four doses of Sustanon for $48 (though I had no idea what it was) in 1-cc preloaded syringes (I was compelled by the "danger" element of the syringe), two 10-cc bottles of Testosterone Cypionate for $50, one bottle of Winstrol-V for $65 (wasn't that the juice of choice for disgraced Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson?) and one bottle of Equipoise for $85.

I added up the numbers, threw in the $6 postage charge and sent a check to Mass Machine for $471, a substantial but not unreasonable amount, I felt. (The "$471 for steroid purchase" may be the most unusual item I've ever put on my company expense form, however.) The front page of the mail-order form said that minimum orders were $75; that all new customers would receive a free copy of the 72-page *Steroid Users Guide Book*, a "professional manual" that showed "how to take steroids safely and effectively"; and that the order would arrive in plain packaging marked NUTRITIONAL SUPPLEMENTS. No registered letters would be accepted. All checks had to be filled out with the payee line left blank.

I made arrangements with one of SI's lawyers: I would call him if and when my package arrived; together we would photograph it, open it and document its contents. Then I called an account officer at my local bank and asked her to let me know as soon as my check was cashed. There was nothing else to do except wait. This was in late October 1992.

On Nov. 20 the account officer called to tell me that the check had come through; it had been stamped "All-Star Fitness," and though I had sent the check to a post office box in Toronto, it had been deposited in a Bank of Montreal branch in Montreal. That, I assumed, was a means of skirting the law. Now all I could do was wait for the goods.

I waited and waited. The notion that this was all a scam fixed itself in my mind. That had always seemed the most likely explanation; but then, I wondered, how could anyone expect to get away with it?



The trail leading to the culprit or culprits would be thick with canceled checks, ads, deposit slips, bank records, signature cards, the post office box. Police would nail the crooks in a heartbeat. That is, if anyone complained to the police. Complaining to authorities might mean confessing to an attempt to purchase steroids.

I waited some more. No package. In mid-December I visited my bank again, and the officer used numbers on the canceled check to track down the precise location of the bank branch office. She called the bank and talked to an employee there, inquiring about the status of the All-Star Fitness account. The account is active, the bank employee reported. A man comes in regularly to make deposits and withdrawals.

I considered going to Montreal, befriending the bank authorities, sitting in the lobby and waiting for the teller to signal when the bagman arrived. The account officer thought that sounded adventurous. So did I. I pondered the practicality of it. Say I spot the guy. Then what? Do I grab him and demand my steroids? What does he do to me?

Instead I phoned my old pal Anthony Pellicano, private eye, Los Angeles. Actually, calling Pellicano a private eye is like calling Roseanne Arnold a housewife; he is the gumshoe to the stars, having worked for Sylvester Stallone, Ed McMahon, Kevin Costner, James Woods and, yes, even Roseanne herself. These days Pellicano is trying to extricate Michael Jackson from some, uh, unpleasantness. When I called him in early 1993, he sounded like the same old Pellicano I had known when I wrote a newspaper story about him in '74, when he was a flamboyant, up-and-coming Chicago sleuth.

Now I asked him if he could help me track down the steroid salesmen. Sure, he said. Just fax me your notes. I offered to pay him something for his efforts. Say, $250? There was wild, staccato laughter. "Don't make me laugh," he said.

Time passed. Pellicano was busy with other jobs. Finally, in March, he called. There are three guys in this steroid ring, he told me. They send out mailers to people who buy certain muscle magazines. It's a rip-off of the first degree. The Canadian cops have been on to it for a while and are ready to move. He faxed me the other names the outfit has used on its fliers: Mr. Big, Power Growth, Anabolic Plus, Gym Teck Training, Athletes in Motion. Pellicano said that I should call Marie Drummond in the morality bureau of the Metropolitan Toronto Police for the rest of the info.

I called Detective Drummond, and she told me that three people had been charged with a variety of offenses in the scam, including conspiracy to defraud the public and mail fraud. Two of the men had been arrested; they were brothers, Peter and Paul Fuller, 36 and 32, respec-

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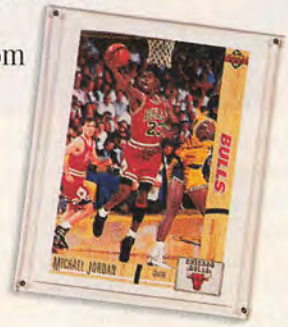

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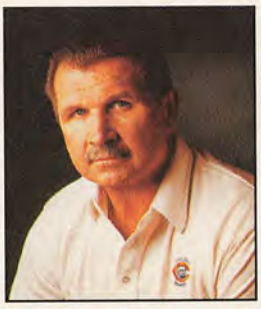

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tively; the third, Michael Murphy, 28, was on the lam. All of the men were Canadian citizens. They never sent any steroids to anyone, said Drummond. Nothing? I asked. Not even a couple of Dianabol tablets?

"This scam could have been for anything," she replied, "but they saw the market demand for steroids. One of them was a bodybuilder. They've been doing this since 1987."

Who was their market?

"Americans," she said. "Young men. The Fullers and Murphy spent big bucks to get the subscriber lists from bodybuilding magazines and then sent out fliers. They had a rented postal meter that could send out 171 letters a minute. They had spent over $60,000 [Canadian] on postage. These fliers trickled down to high school associations, and in time Canada was perceived as a big steroid deliverer."

How did this go on so long?

"Complaints were minimal," Drummond said, and she added that most victims no doubt didn't want to take their folly public.

And did these guys make much money?

Drummond paused, then said, "Let me just say that a very conservative estimate of their take would be a million dollars." She paused again, and I read in her silence that the figure might be much higher. "However, we don't know where the money has gone. They've hidden it."

I called Toronto attorney Edmund Peterson, the lawyer for the Fuller brothers, and asked him if I could speak to one or both of his clients, who were out on bail. No dice, said Peterson when I called back a few days later. The brothers did not want to talk to me. "This is going to be a lengthy, drawn-out battle," Peterson concluded, speaking of his defense work.

Well, now what? Is there such a demand for dangerous, illegal, muscle-building drugs in this country that people would willingly throw their money down a rathole hoping to get some? Apparently. Arnold Schwarzenegger used steroids at one time. Former University of Oklahoma linebacker Brian Bosworth did too, and in 1987 he signed a 10-year, $11 million contract with the Seattle Seahawks *after* he had been caught using them. What sort of message does that send to kids? According to an article in *U.S. News & World Report*, 57% of teen steroid users said they were influenced to use the drugs by reading muscle magazines; 42% said they decided to use steroids because of the famous athletes they were certain were using the drugs.

In August I flew to Toronto to see if there was anything else to learn. Murphy was still in hiding. The court date for the Fullers would be chosen on Nov. 24.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR COTTON PANTS
THAT LOOKED LIKE THIS OUT OF THE DRYER,

© 1993 Haggar Apparel Company

I looked up a producer who works for CBC-TV in Toronto, a young man named Michael Turschic, who had jumped through some of the same journalistic hoops that I had on this affair. He had received a flier, ordered steroids, sent a check. But nothing had happened. He had gone to the post office where the con artists had a box, and he had staked it out for a while. "I saw one of the guys on the first day I went to the post office," said Turschic. "But I didn't take my car, so I couldn't follow him. He was a big guy."

Like me, Turschic had had no idea what he would do if he had to confront the scammers. He got his flier from a Buffalo physician, who told Turschic that teenage patients of his had sworn they had gotten drugs from Mass Machine.

"I watched the box after that first visit," Turschic continued, "but I never saw the guy come again. They never sent any drugs, and we had other things to do at the station." Turschic shook his head, thinking about the appeal of steroids to young men. "I was a skinny kid on the high school football team," mused Turschic. "I might have been interested in this stuff." I told him I knew what he meant.

My last stop was the office of John Scutt, the government's prosecuting attorney in the case. Scutt was concerned

with not divulging any information that might be prejudicial to his case. He was also interested in saving the good taxpayers as much money as possible. In that regard, I informed him, I was willing to be a witness for the prosecution at my own expense. He pondered this, knowing that a reporter's purposes are seldom as simple as stated. He said, though, that he would consider using me as a witness.

"I doubt you'll get your money back," he said after a time. "In a sense this is just your standard fraud case. Like purchasing swampland in Florida." He added, though, that most of the victims in this case were "nickeled and dimed," that my order was one of the largest ones. He would call if he needed me, he promised.

On the plane home I realized that what I really wanted was just to see the con men. I wanted to look at them in court and ask them what they thought they were doing. Did they really think they could get away with this scam? I wanted to ask them if they had realized the world was as twisted and muscle-mad as it is. Were even they surprised by the huge response to their illicit pitch? So many people dying to change their bodies. Think of it. Say the take in this scam was $2 million and the average victim sent in $100, both of which seem reasonable. That means there were 20,000 people who liked what the Fullers and Murphy were offering.

That's massive. ■

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Sports People

Don Shula

THEY ACTUALLY CHEERED DON SHULA ON SUNDAY IN Philadelphia at Veterans Stadium, where they boo Santa Claus. They chanted, "Shu-la! Shu-la!" as he made his way off the field in the middle of a great creeping snail of reporters, TV people and cameras. They cheered for the man, for his 41 years as a pro player and coach, and for the fact that the 19–14 win his Miami Dolphins had squeezed out against the hometown Eagles had given him the cherished 325th victory, most ever in the NFL for one man.

They were still making noise as the 63-year-old Shula addressed his team in the locker room. He thanked the "two ownership groups that let me coach," the Robbies in Miami and Carroll Rosenbloom in Baltimore, and, pointing to Dan Marino, he thanked "the one on crutches here who gave me over 100 wins."

Then the game balls were given out, to defensive end Jeff Cross, who had three sacks, to Pete Stoyanovich, whose 46-yard field goal gave the Dolphins a 16–14 lead in the third quarter and whose 45-yarder ended the scoring, and to Doug Pederson, who outlasted Philadelphia's Ken O'Brien to win the battle of third-string quarterbacks.

Then it was time to face the press. Sweaty, rumpled-looking and red-eyed (Had he shed any tears? No, the players said, but he'd been "quite emotional"), Shula said

Miami's coach was lifted to the top of the career victory list when the Dolphins beat the Eagles to get him number 325.

AL TIELEMANS

that the game was special "because of the way we won," and that the record would be special, "if it were done in a year the team accomplished something." He was asked why he had gotten a ride on the players' shoulders instead of the typical Gatorade shower. "I had my Gatorade shower at number 324," he said. "When you get my age, you can't take too many of those ice-cold showers."

Shula was relieved to get the number-325 monkey off his back after the previous week's 27–10 misfire against the New York Jets. On Sunday, with slightly more than two minutes to go, Philly had third-and-four on the Miami 22, but James Lofton dropped a pass on the five. On the next play O'Brien went to throw, but the ball squirted out of his hands for a fumble.

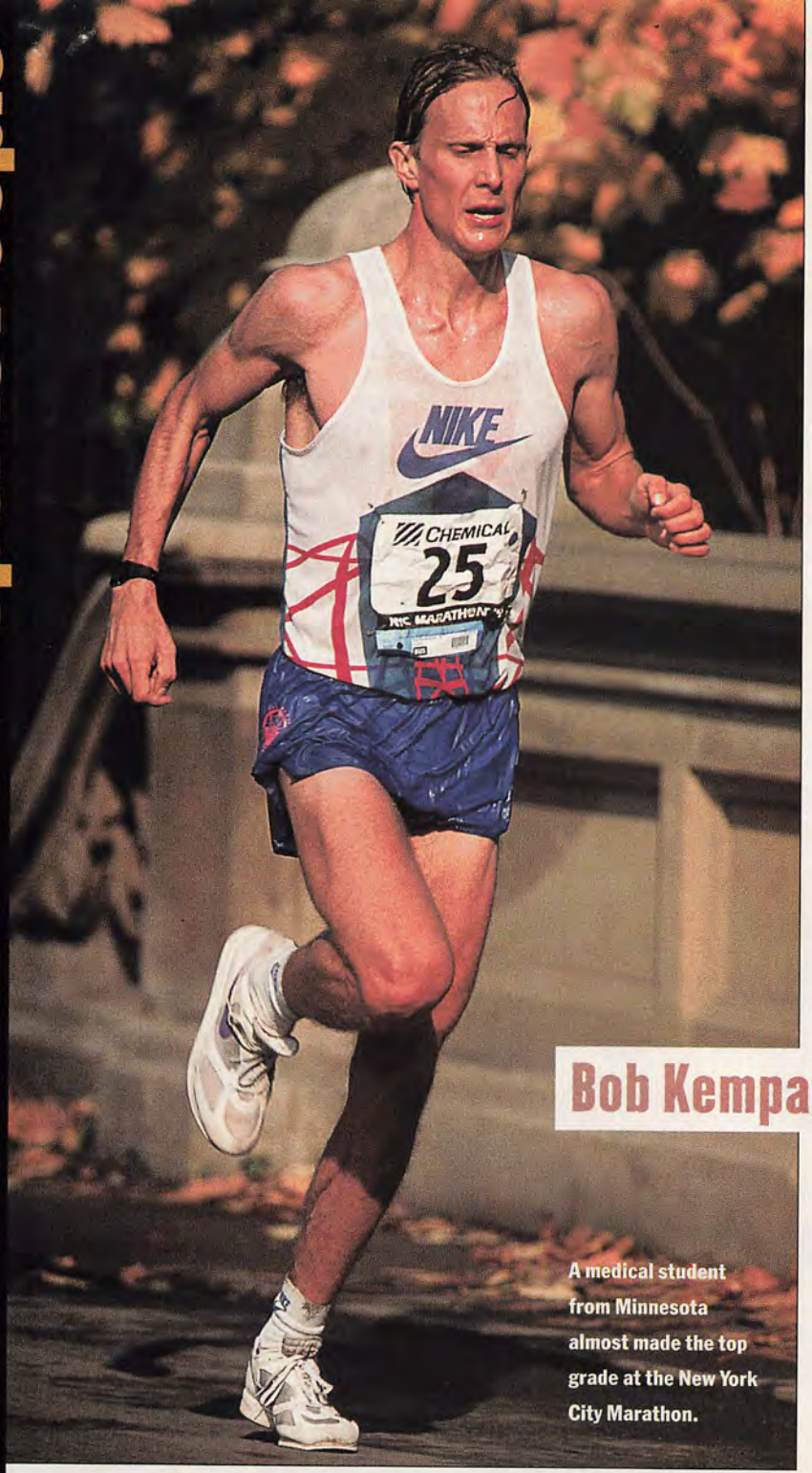
On the sideline Shula strode between the 40-yard lines as Miami took over on its 38 to run out the clock. Dale Hatcher dropped back to punt with 34 seconds left. Shula straddled the 50, leaning over in a halfback's stance, hands on thighs, watching the guy he had salvaged from the junk heap last spring get off a career punt, 56 yards, out of bounds at the Eagle one, and the game was over. Win number 325. Send in the clowns.

"Now we go on," said Shula at his press conference. "I'm gonna enjoy it tonight, but I'm sorry thinking of Dan on crutches, all the wins he's led us to, and of Mitchell with the shoulder."

There it was, the hard reality of NFL football, with its one-day high and six days of dog labor. On the second play of the second half, Scott Mitchell, who had taken over when Marino tore his right Achilles tendon last month and in four games had run the offense more smoothly than anyone had expected, scrambled for seven yards and went down hard on his left shoulder. Acromioclavicular separation was the diagnosis. Return date unknown.

Enter Doug Pederson, 25, two years a Dolphin practice squadder, former third-stringer for the New York/New Jersey Knights of the World League, activated by Miami when Marino was sidelined. "When we saw Scott lying there," said Pederson, "everyone started yelling, 'Doug! Doug! Get your hat. Get a ball. Let's go! But Coach Shula was very calm. He just said, 'Get with [quarterback coach] Gary Stevens and get your instructions. You'll be fine.' "

The Dolphin press guide says that Shula has faced 122 NFL coaches, that he has won more games than 17 NFL franchises in their entire history, and lots of other things. What does Shula say? "We've got to get it together. I've got to give [recently signed veteran quarterback] Steve DeBerg a lot of work, get him ready." A bittersweet, record-breaking day. Life goes on. —PAUL ZIMMERMAN



A medical student from Minnesota almost made the top grade at the New York City Marathon.

Bob Kempainen

HEAT AND HUMIDITY CAN DO FUNNY THINGS TO a marathoner's brain. It was 70° and muggy in New York City on Sunday, so one began to fear for Bob Kempainen when 21 miles into the New York City Marathon, he pulled even with the leader, Andrés Espinosa of Mexico. Was this move a product of cool reason or of a fevered brain?

The 30-year-old Espinosa, after all, had a marathon best of 2:10:00. He had finished second in New York the past two years and was one of the stars in this year's glittering field. The 27-year-old Kempainen, on the other hand, is a student at the University of Minnesota medical school who had just begun his rotation in neurology at the Hennepin County Medical Center in Minneapolis and had worked until late Thursday afternoon. His best marathon before Sunday had been a relatively humble 2:12:12. "If I were betting on the basis of our credentials," Kempainen confessed later, "I wouldn't have put a lot on me."

But Kempainen is the very soul of shrewd patience, a competitor whose long career has taught him that steady gains are the essence of distance running. He took up the sport as a fifth-grader in Minnetonka, Minn., but it was not until his senior year at Hopkins-Lindbergh High that he won a state track title. At Dartmouth, from which he graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1988, Kempainen steadily lowered his 10,000-meter times. He ran his first marathon in 1991, finishing second in the Twin Cities Marathon. The following spring he qualified for the '92 U.S. Olympic marathon team despite having to run the trials race with a stress fracture in one knee and tendinitis in the other. He finished 17th in Barcelona and waited 15 months to run another marathon.

"He fits into a unique group of American distance runners," says Dr. David Martin, an exercise physiologist who advises the top U.S. runners. "He focuses on a big race for six months. You won't see much of him, but when you do, he'll be extraordinarily motivated."

That is precisely the way Kempainen ran on Sunday. For the first half of the race, he was nowhere to be seen. While the runners in the lead pack made little sorties to the front, he waited. They fell away one by one. At 21 miles, as Kempainen and Espinosa swept into Harlem, the 6-foot Kempainen briefly took the lead, his long strides carrying him ahead of the efficient little ones of the 5′ 1″ Espinosa. But in the 23rd mile Espinosa surged. "He shifted into a gear I didn't have," said Kempainen. Even over the hills of Central Park, Espinosa ran sub-five-minute miles. He finished in 2:10:04.

Kempainen did not falter either. He finished second, in 2:11:03. "Maybe because of the heat it was a better performance than I realize," he said. Indeed, it was the fastest marathon by an American in more than three years and was good enough to claim some impressive scalps. Coming in third, in 2:12:21, was Arturo Barrios, the former world-record holder in the 10,000.

Thus, onto Kempainen's bony shoulders fall many of the expectations for U.S. marathoning. It has been a long time since an American looked capable of competing with the Africans and Mexicans who have dominated the event for a decade. With his sights set on Atlanta, Kempainen has persuaded Minnesota to let him stretch his final two years of school over three. One suspects that this will give him a healthy balance. "I wouldn't react well to having just one thing in my life," said Kempainen.

No need to worry: He was due back in the hospital the next morning at eight o'clock sharp.

—MERRELL NODEN

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The Ferraro Brothers

The U.S. hockey team is doubly happy to have twins Chris (left) and Peter.

IT'S NO SURPRISE THAT THE FERRARO TWINS, CHRIS AND Peter, were less than overwhelmed when they were both drafted by the New York Rangers last summer. To the Ferraros, who are both forwards on the U.S. Olympic hockey team, it seemed natural. After all, the duo played together in the juniors, at prep school, in squirt league and for years on a frozen pond in their backyard. In fact, it seems the longest these twins have ever been apart was nearly 21 years ago when Chris was born and Peter didn't follow until a whole minute later.

"We've been side by side our entire lives," says Peter. "We've always had the same dream, so naturally we've followed the same path to reach it."

For the twins, that path to the NHL has been a crooked one simply because they were born and raised on Long Island, N.Y., where it's about as tough to uncover a budding hockey star as it is to find a guy in Medicine Hat who can dunk. By the time they were eight, Peter and Chris already needed stiffer competition than Long Island could offer. So every weekend for three years during the hockey season their father, Pete, drove them four hours each way to Philadelphia to play for the Little Flyers, an organization that had teams from mite to junior level. A few years later Dad rented a house in Marion, Mass., when the twins attended prep school and played hockey at Tabor Academy. Then, in 1990, he moved the entire family to Dubuque, Iowa, enabling his sons to play at the Junior A level in the United States Hockey League.

Before the Rangers drafted Peter in the first round and Chris in the fourth in '92, the twins accepted scholarships at the University of Maine, and as freshmen last season they helped the Black Bears win the NCAA hockey championship. "They are both tremendous finishers, natural goal scorers with speed to burn," says Maine coach Shawn Walsh. "But what impresses me most is that both understand that because they are small in stature [each is 5′ 10″, 175 pounds] and big in reputation, they are now marked men on the ice. They react to it by being extremely intense, competitive, even mean."

Along with his 18 goals, Peter set a single-season record at Maine with 106 penalty minutes. Chris scored 25 goals and spent 46 minutes in the box. "Both brothers are like little weasels," said Chicago Blackhawk center Jeremy Roenick after facing Team USA three weeks ago. "They're antagonists who go out there to stir the pot."

Still, after 31 games on the pre-Olympic tour, Peter has stayed out of the clink long enough to top Team USA in goalscoring. Chris leads in assists. Both will go to Lillehammer in search of a gold medal, and once the Olympics are over, they hope they'll be ready to join the Rangers. If the brass in New York doesn't think they are, there awaits a sophomore season at Maine, during which they can attend to their laundry lists of self-criticism. There is no Narcissus in these brothers. You don't need a mirror when you're a twin.

"We laugh when people tell us that our only weakness is that we weren't triplets," says Chris. "We know what things we have to improve, it's just that we're impatient because, since we were 10 years old, we've been anticipating the day when we'd reach the NHL."

Says Peter, recalling their birth, "And this time I hope we arrive together."

—TIM CROTHERS

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Inside the NFL

by PETER KING

WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S

In his first game as a Cowboy, quarterback Bernie Kosar led Dallas to a 20–15 win over Phoenix at Texas Stadium, and afterward the first guy he wanted to see was Jimmy Johnson. "Coach," he said, "thanks for showing so much confidence in me."

For the Cowboys, it's a wonderful life. On the previous Sunday, Troy Aikman had suffered a hamstring injury that would sideline him for at least two weeks. The very next morning, Kosar, the icon of Cleveland, was cut *(page 42)*. On Tuesday night, undeterred by his salary level and his mediocre performances of late, Dallas came to terms with Kosar, and he signed his contract on Wednesday morning. On Wednesday afternoon Kosar practiced with the team. On Sunday, with the Cowboys leading 3–0, he replaced Jason Garrett at quarterback in the first quarter and proceeded to lead the Cowboys on two consecutive touchdown drives—65 yards on nine plays and 86 yards on six plays. In the fourth quarter he engineered a short drive that ended with an Eddie Murray field goal.

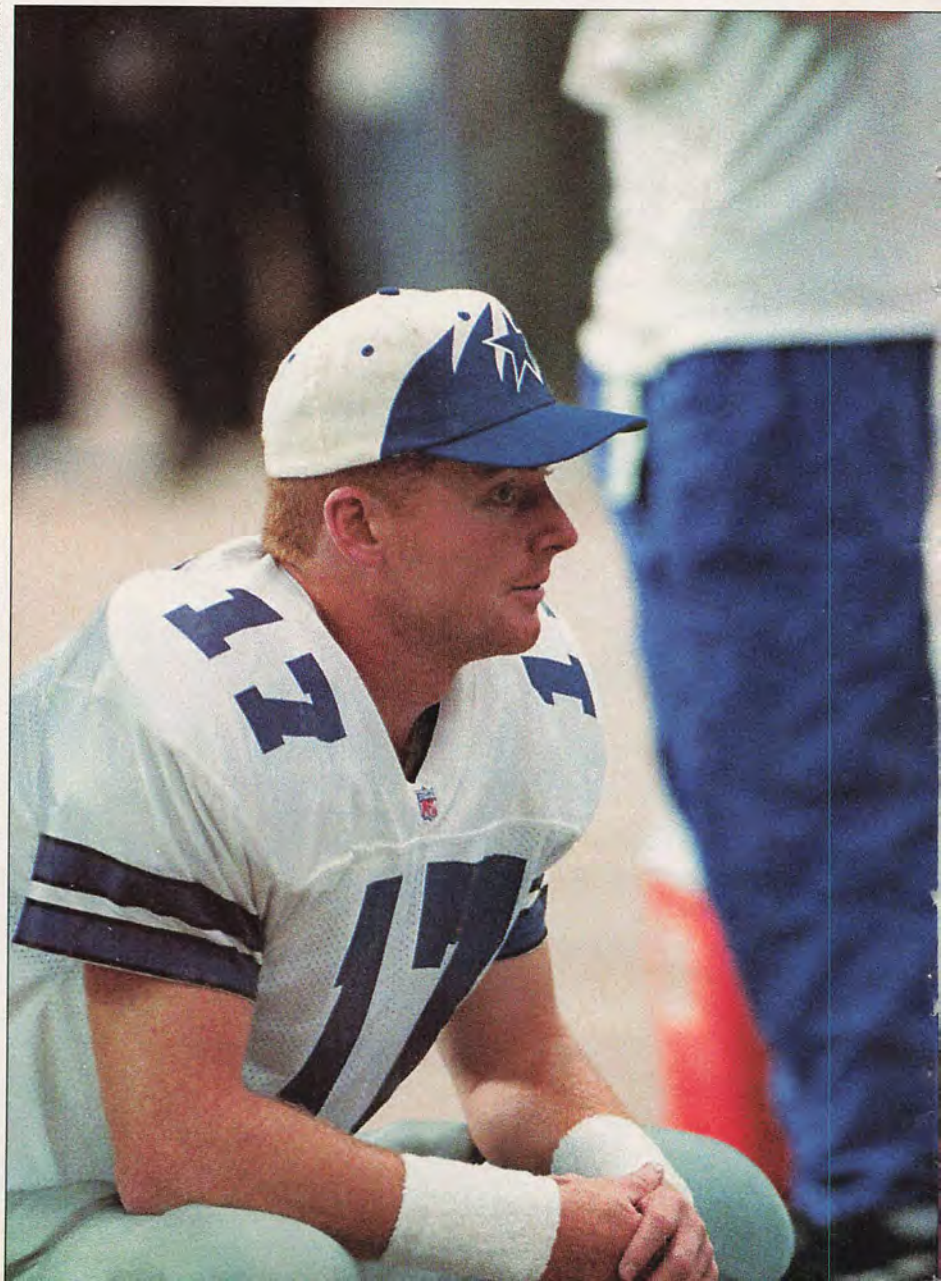
Afterward Johnson was ebullient. Rarely had his friends seen him so happy. He sat with offensive coordinator Norv Turner, polishing off his customary beer on the rocks, and talked about beating the odds. "Here's what people have said to us over the years," Johnson said. "You can't trade Herschel Walker; he's a great player. You can't train in Austin; it's too hot. You can't win a Super Bowl that quick; it takes time. You can't sign Bernie Kosar and play him right away; he'll never learn the system in time."

Indeed, giving Kosar a crash course on the Dallas offense seemed to be a task almost as daunting as going from 1–15 to the Super Bowl in four years. But Dallas owner Jerry Jones wanted Kosar, as did Johnson, who had coached Kosar for a year (1984) at the University of Miami, and they wanted him to contribute. Fast. And, as we have seen, what Jimmy and Jerry want, they get.

So, how quickly did Kosar learn his lessons? For the answer, consider one play: Kosar entered the game at the beginning of a Cowboy series with slightly more than five minutes remaining in the first quarter. Upstairs in the coaches' booth Turner reviewed his play sheet and decided to call an intermediate-route, play-action pass to wide receiver Michael Irvin. When he found the play he wanted, Turner said "28" into his headset to tight end coach Robert Ford, who was on the sideline. Ford hand-signaled a "2" and then an "8" to Kosar on the field. Kosar looked at the tiny print on his plastic-coated wristband and found the play. "O.K.," he said in the huddle, reading his wrist. "Slot Zip Fan Pass 97 Zip."

The play required Kosar to take the snap, wheel to his left, fake a handoff to Emmitt Smith, fade back seven steps, look at Irvin running his 15-yard out pattern, then at fullback Daryl Johnston sneaking out just beyond the line of scrimmage, and then look back in the other direction at Irvin.

The Cowboys had not practiced this exact play with Kosar. Twice during the week they had run through a similar one—Kosar wheeling to his right and fak-



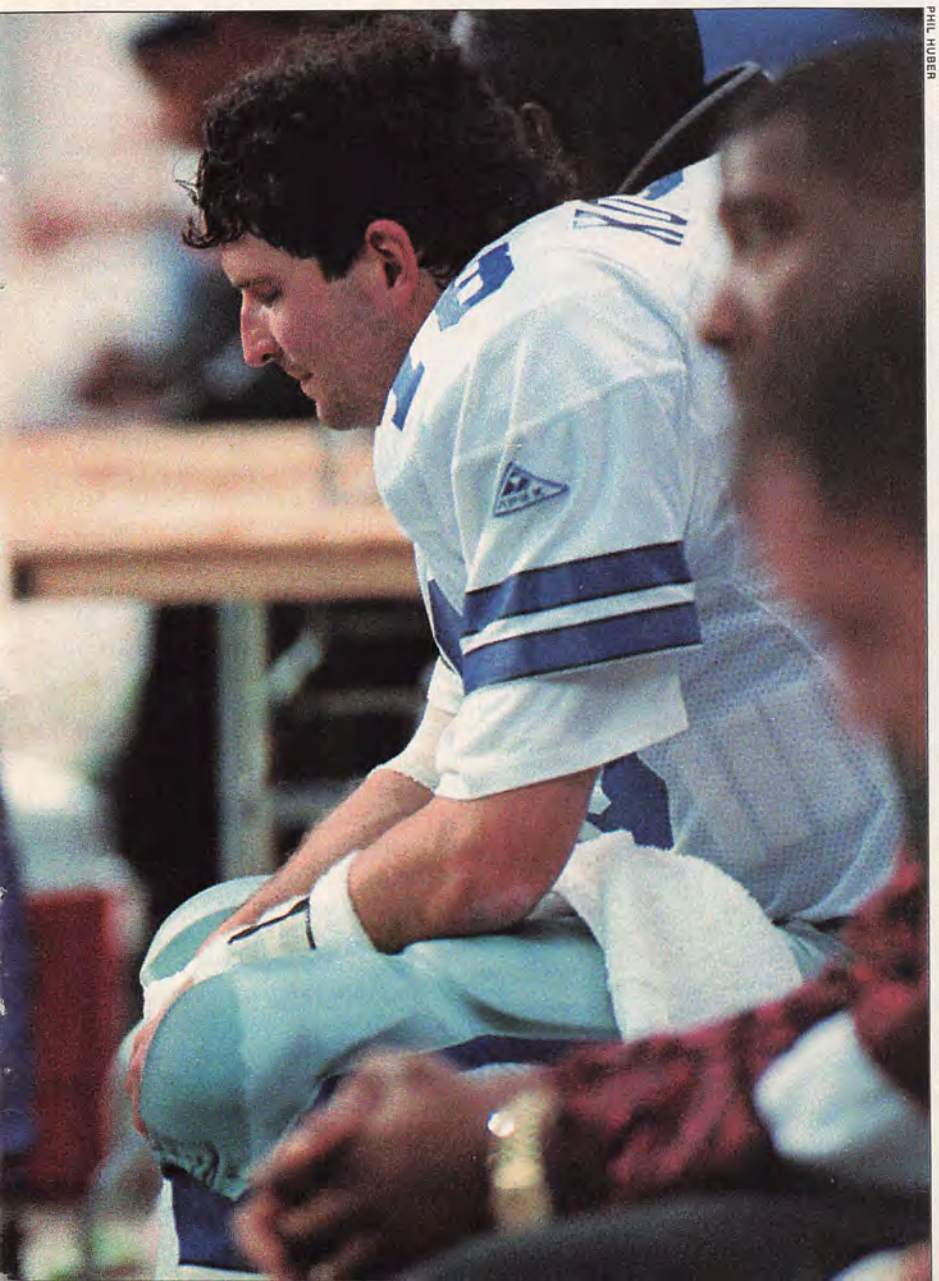
Garrett (17) started, but Kosar took over and proved the wisdom of the Cowboys' gambit.

ing to Smith before passing. On Sunday, however, Kosar worked number 28 as though he had been running it for months. The Cardinals bit on the fake to Smith and on Kosar's glance at Johnston, and Kosar gunned a fastball to Irvin, who had cornerback Robert Massey draped all over him, for a 14-yard gain.

The Cowboys programmed 67 of those plays into Kosar's brainy head last week. He had to know who his primary, secondary and tertiary receivers were on every passing play and how many yards each receiver was running on each play. He had to learn a new numbering system for running and passing plays. "I'm a fan just like anybody, and I loved working with Bernie this week," said Turner. "This was a once-in-a-lifetime deal. How often do you pick up a championship quarterback in mid-week and get him ready to play the next game?"

There was also improvisation to go with the memorization. During the week Turner and Kosar had discussed what might work on goal line passes from a double-tight-end formation, and they chose a pass that was designed to go to substitute tight end Joey Mickey. When the Cowboys called the play late in the first half, Mickey wasn't open, so the tight end on the other side, Jay Novacek, seeing Kosar flushed from the pocket, ran all the way across the end zone to the right corner. Just before getting leveled by an onrushing Cardinal, Kosar drilled a one-yard touchdown strike to Novacek.

What Kosar accomplished against Phoenix was remarkable. One of the smartest quarterbacks in football, Boomer Esiason, says that he needed 2½ years to master the Cincinnati offense when he came out of college. Kosar—albeit well schooled in the pro game—learned the nuts and bolts of the Dallas attack in three days. His numbers for the day: 13 completions in 21 attempts for 199 yards with no interceptions and the touchdown pass to Novacek.



PHIL HUBER

"I don't want to make Bernie bigger than life," said Johnson on Sunday night. "Troy's playing great, and he's our quarterback. That's not going to change. But I'll take Bernie Kosar on my team the rest of my coaching career. Period. For him to share time in three practices and do what he did today is just unbelievable. I don't think people have any idea what you have to go through to play an NFL game at quarterback. And in three days he learns it!

"Unbelievable," Johnson continued. "Hey, the guy guns the crossing patterns, doesn't he? You know, I'm watching the game, and I'm seeing the same guy I saw at Miami. He runs and throws the same as when I first saw him—gangly, sidearm, like he's on the sandlot. Don't evaluate his throwing motion. Don't evaluate his stance. Don't evaluate his fluidity. Evaluate his winning. He can win football games. The bottom line on Bernie Kosar is this: Given the right supporting cast, he's a winner. He wins football games."

He almost got away, though. Kosar was on the verge of coming to terms with the Dolphins when Johnson called. He told Kosar that he would start five days hence if he signed with Dallas. Jones then threw $1 million, guaranteed, at Kosar for the last two months of the season, and Kosar was a Cowboy.

Two days before the game Johnson decided to let Garrett, in his second year with Dallas, take the first snaps, but Kosar was assured that he would not spend much time on the bench. When the game was over, Kosar peeled off his new uniform with the 18 on it (he had worn 19 during his years in Cleveland), and he looked like the happiest man in the world. "What a difference a week makes," he said. "They let me fire it around out there. It's an incredible feeling to do that again."

STATS OF THE WEEK

● Here's the tally on the Browns' first game of the post-Kosar era: zero touchdowns, five points and seven turnovers in a 22–5 loss to Seattle. Young Todd Phil-

cox, making his first start, completed nine of 20 throws for 85 yards.

• Want more? The two starting wideouts whom Cleveland coach Bill Belichick turned loose in the past two years, Webster Slaughter and Reggie Langhorne, have combined for 37 catches and 527 yards in the last two weeks for the Oilers and the Colts, respectively.

• In 1991 and '92, reserve Houston running back Gary Brown rushed for a total of 172 yards. On Sunday in Cincinnati, subbing for the injured Lorenzo White, Brown gained 166 yards—and he didn't play the last 20 minutes.

• The Jet offensive line, which was lightly regarded before the season, has not given up a sack in six of its nine games. For all of last season, the league leader for number of games without allowing a sack was Dallas with five.

• Very quietly, Minnesota wideout Cris Carter is on pace for 96 catches this season.

Game of the Week

Detroit versus Green Bay, in Milwaukee, Sunday. Against the Saints in the deafening Superdome last week, the Packers needed a fourth-down conversion to avoid falling to 4–5. However, Green Bay pulled out the game 19–17 with a final-minute drive, which was capped by the winning field goal from the league's most underrated kicker, Chris Jacke. The win gave the Pack a huge lift. "Once you start believing you can win, you do," said Green Bay offensive coordinator Sherm Lewis. A victory on Sunday would put the Packers within a game of the division-leading Lions.

JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

Nitschke's Pack stayed healthy by playing hard.

Dispatches

While Blair Thomas languishes on the bench with a hamstring injury, Johnny Johnson has won the Jets' starting job at running back, clinching it with a 21-carry, 141-yard performance in New York's 31–17 win over Indianapolis. Johnson, a fourth-year veteran who was obtained from Phoenix in the off-season, is the sort of back who can grind down an opponent with 20 or 25 carries, and he was being misused early in the season, averaging 10 rushes in the Jets' first eight games. "I told people it was just a matter of time for Johnny," says Jet safety Lonnie Young, another former Cardinal. "He's a big-time player." . . . In the face of the very real possibility that the Rams will leave Los Angeles, there were 31,935 empty seats at Anaheim Stadium for L.A.'s 13–0 loss to the Falcons. . . . Pity the poor Buc fans. Tampa Bay is shelling out $1.325 million a year for former Redskin cornerback Martin Mayhew, and now, in successive home games, the Buc secondary has allowed Sterling Sharpe and Jerry Rice four-touchdown games. . . . The Chiefs' Marcus Allen returned to the scene of his prime, the Los Angeles Coliseum, for the first time since leaving the Raiders in the off-season. "The best thing," he said, "was getting off the bus and seeing all the people in silver and black cheering me." Allen rose to the occasion with a 17-carry, 85-yard rushing day that included a twisting 39-yard run. Allen now has 105 touchdowns, tied for the sixth-most ever with Don Hutson. . . . Minnesota tackle Tim Irwin has a clause in his contract that calls for him to receive a $1,000 bonus every time he blocks an extra point or a field goal. He blocked one of each in the Vikings' 26–23 win in Denver.

The End Zone

Cleveland loves Kosar so much that a day after he was waived by the Browns, Democrats in the suburb of Parma Heights approved a resolution supporting Kosar's entry in the 1994 Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate. Kosar is a Republican. ■

Men of Steel

PERHAPS THE MOST REMARKABLE FACTOR in Dallas's 20–5 regular-season record over this year and last has been the lack of injuries. Until quarterback Troy Aikman strained his left hamstring on Nov. 7, causing him to miss his start on Sunday against Phoenix, not a single key player had missed a game because of injury since Charles Haley sat out one start on Nov. 22, 1992, with an injured groin. Dallas's injury tally is in line with that of the five teams that have won two consecutive Super Bowls, which may help explain the success of those teams.

"From what I see," says Packer Hall of Fame linebacker Ray Nitschke, "Dallas has a lot in common with us. Lombardi got us in great football shape. The Dallas players love to play and hate to be out of the lineup. Same with us. We had an attitude. We weren't coming out of the game. We played hard, and we didn't let the nagging injuries get to us."

SI selected 10 key players from each of the five back-to-back Super Bowl champions and compared their injury status in those years with that of Dallas's key players.

			Games Missed
Dallas	'92–93	Aikman, Smith, Irvin, Harper, Novacek, Tuinei, E. Williams, Haley, Norton, L. Brown	3
S.F.	'88–89	Montana, Craig, Rathman, Rice, Barton, Wallace, M. Carter, Haley, Fagan, Lott	21
Pitt.	'78–79	Bradshaw, Harris, Swann, Webster, Greene, Greenwood, Lambert, Ham, Shell, Blount	12
Pitt.	'74–75	Bradshaw, Harris, Kolb, Greene, Greenwood, Holmes, Lambert, A. Russell, Ham, Blount	6
Miami	'72–73	Griese, Csonka, Morris, Warfield, Langer, Little, Stanfill, Buoniconti, Anderson, Scott	15
G.B.	'66–67	Starr, Dowler, Kramer, Gregg, Jordan, W. Davis, Caffey, Nitschke, Adderley, Wood	5

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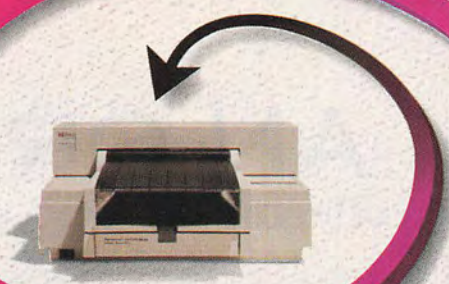

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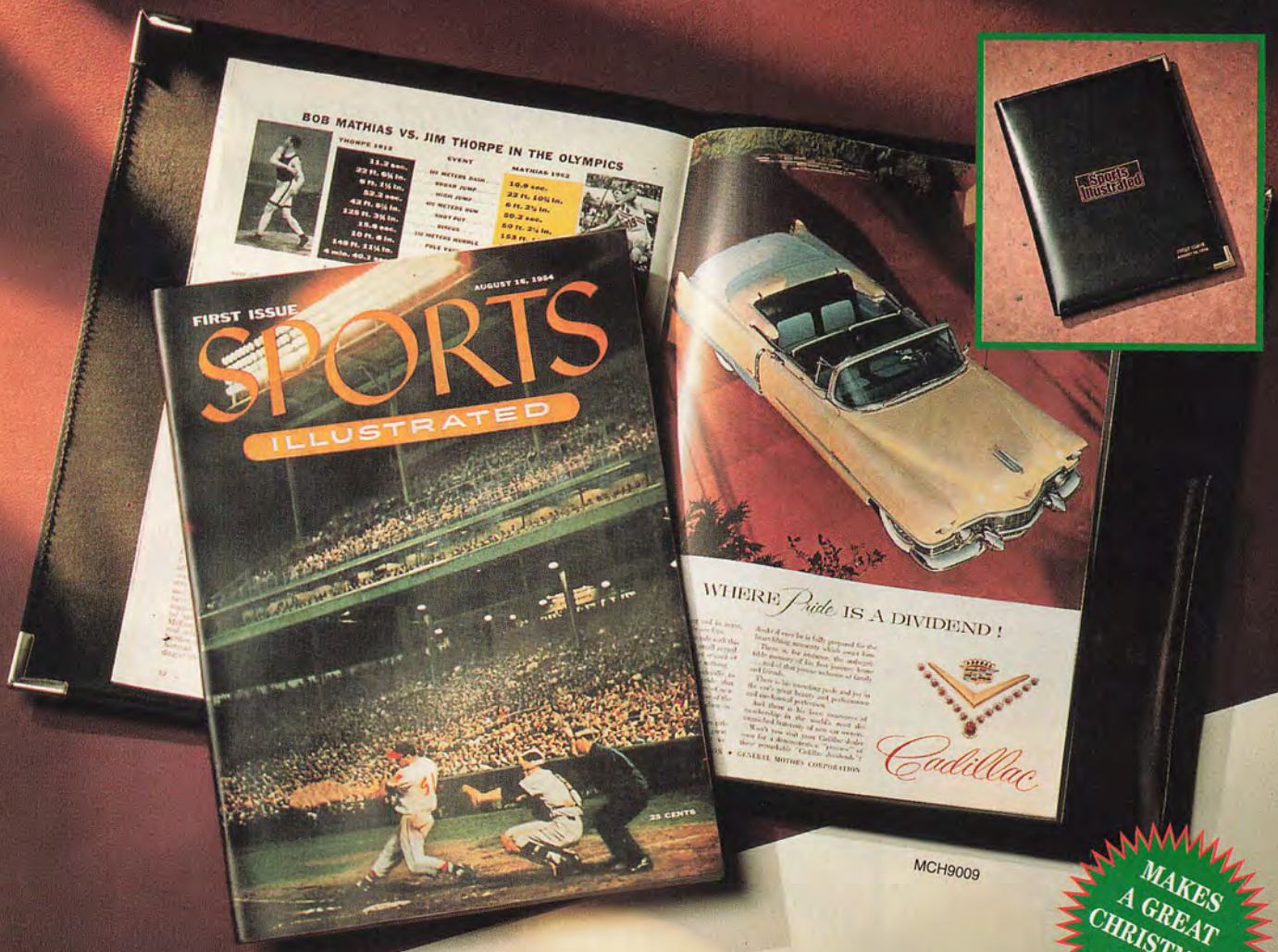

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Inside College Football

by WILLIAM F. REED

ALABAMA'S NO. 1

After it wrapped up a 10–0 regular season by routing West Georgia 41–14, North Alabama, the top-ranked team in Division II, didn't generate much excitement in a state where just about everyone is daffy over either Alabama or Auburn, which meet on Saturday in Auburn. However, that's not a big deal to Lion coach Bobby Wallace, who's still known around the state as the guy who, as a coach at Auburn, recruited Bo Jackson. "We're just a regional university," says Wallace of North Alabama. "We don't expect to be more important than Auburn or Alabama." Yet North Alabama is favored to win a national championship. Can Auburn or Alabama say that?

To beat the Lions, somebody will have to stop a triple-option offense that has averaged 40.6 points, 371.5 yards on the ground and 470.2 total yards. "The 6′ 4″ quarterbacks aren't coming here," Wallace says. "With the triple option I can recruit great athletes, and the offense will work, no matter how the quarterback throws." When Wallace says "great athletes," he means those that Auburn and Alabama leave behind. His current team has 21 players who come from within 60 miles of the campus in Florence.

The triple option's first option is Rush—tailback Tyrone Rush. After running for 1,364 yards last season, he has piled up 1,155 on only 167 carries this fall. A senior, Rush grew up in the Bronx but moved to Philadelphia, Miss., at the age of eight to live with his paternal grandparents in a tin-roofed shack that had no phone, no electricity, no running water and no windows. "We'd stuff the open areas with old clothes," Rush says. "In the winter, that kept out the cold; in the summer, it kept out the snakes."

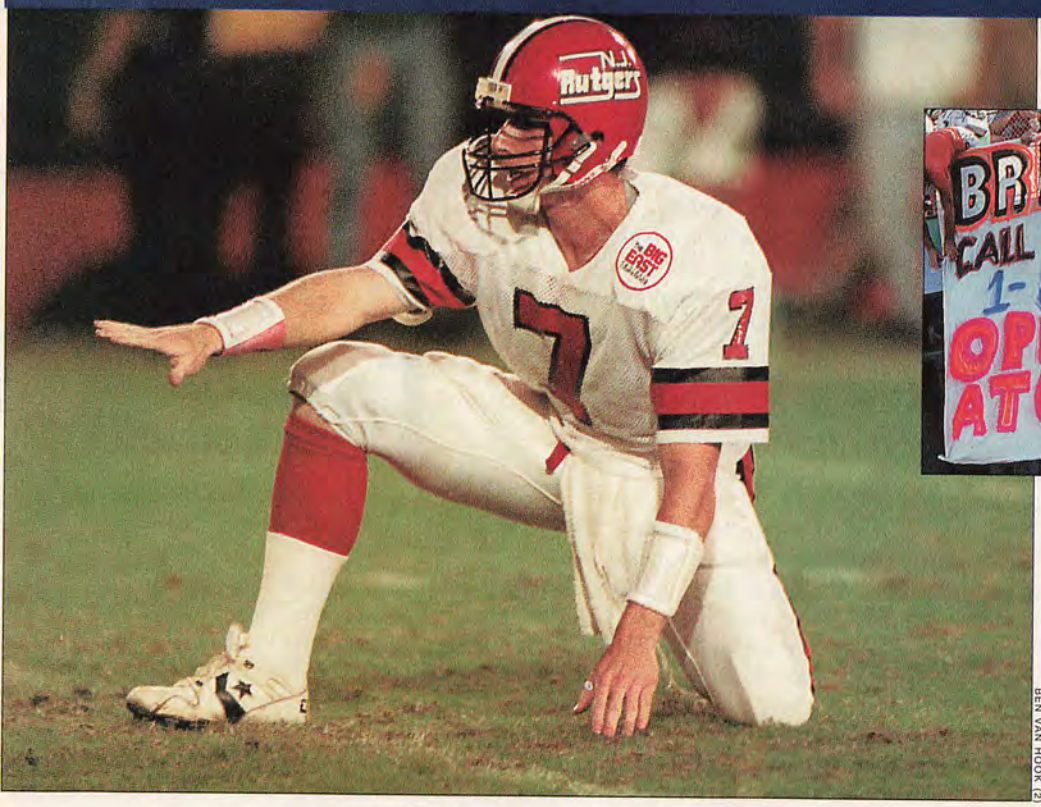
Snakes? "Of course," Rush says. "My uncle had a .410 rifle, and we'd just shoot the chicken snakes hanging from the rafters when it got bad."

On defense the Lions get first aid from Redcross—defensive end Jeff Redcross. In the last three seasons Redcross, a senior, has made 161 tackles. Is he tough? Tough as a Marine. Redcross enlisted in the reserves the day after he graduated from Sparkman High in Toney, Ala. He spent 12 weeks in boot camp before reporting to North Alabama, where Wallace's two-a-days were a snap.

The Lions' goal now is to be home for

ROBERT ROGERS

Mark Williams (43) helped the Lions wrap up West Georgia and a 10–0 regular season.



BEN VAN HOOK (2)

While Miamians tried to reach out and touch Fortay, he barely got his hands on the ball.

the holidays. Since 1986 the Division II title game has been played at 13,000-seat Braly Stadium on their campus. North Alabama defensive tackle Orinthius James (O.J.) Patrick has made a point of leaving town around title time. "When they're practicing on your field," Patrick says, "that's a hurtin' feeling." This year Patrick might want to stick around.

'Bama's Bounty (cont.)

North Alabama, Alabama and Auburn aren't the only teams in the Camellia State that are in full flower. In Division I-AA, Troy (Ala.) State took over the No. 1 spot. The Trojans allowed Alcorn State's Steve McNair to pass for 380 yards but still came away with a 63–21 victory, thanks mainly to quarterback Kelvin Simmons's five TD passes. Elsewhere in I-AA, Alabama-Birmingham ended Dayton's 46-game regular-season winning streak with a 27–19 victory.

Plaintive Plaintiff

It's too bad we don't have an award for Non-Player of the Week, because Rutgers senior quarterback Bryan Fortay would be a landslide winner. He's the guy who transferred from Miami because he didn't get the starting job and then last summer filed a $10 million lawsuit against Miami and its coach, Dennis Erickson. One element of the suit is that the Hurricanes damaged Fortay's pro potential by not making him their starting QB, something they allegedly had promised to do.

Because of the suit, Fortay's reunion with his former teammates last Saturday in the Orange Bowl was much anticipated. However, Fortay, who's nursing a bruised throwing shoulder, played only three downs in the Hurricanes' 31–17 victory. All his appearances were as a holder—twice on extra points and once on a 51-yard field goal.

On one of the PATs, Miami defensive end Kevin Patrick, a former roommate of Fortay's, said he almost hit Fortay. Patrick said that as he approached Fortay, he saw Fortay's "eyes light up." Said Fortay, "My eyes did *not* light up." After the game Fortay wanted to deliver a friendly note to Patrick, but security officers advised him to head directly to the visitors' locker room.

From the time Fortay first appeared on the sideline, he was the target of abuse from the crowd of 52,561. There also were signs: FORTAY, WE WON'T HURT YOU and NO PLAY, NO PAY FOR FORTAY and WELCOME HOME, BRYAN. NOT. Some fans wore T-shirts imprinted with NO WAY, FORTAY. Then there was the elderly couple at gate 12. When an usher asked them to open a container they were carrying, the husband said, "What, aren't we allowed to bring in any Fortay tomatoes?"

As for Fortay, he said the Miami players "were pretty good to me—they acted with a lot of class." And the fans? "The people were just here to have fun," he said. "I didn't hear anything that I don't normally hear on the road."

Squibs

Trivia quiz: Name the two SEC quarterbacks who are unbeaten as starters. You probably know Alabama's Jay Barker, who is 23-0-1. The other is Vanderbilt freshman Ronnie Gordon, who's 2–0 after directing the Commodores to victories over Kentucky and Navy. . . . St. John's news: By gaining 134 yards in a 42–30 loss to Iona last Friday, Anthony Russo of St. John's of New York became the third-leading rusher in NCAA history. With one game left Russo has 5,689 career yards. Only Johnny Bailey of Texas A&I (6,320 yards) and Tony Dorsett of Pitt (6,082) had more. The next day St. John's of Minnesota beat Concordia 44–21 to raise its point total for the season to 615, an NCAA record for a non–Division I-A team. The old mark of 609 was set by Mississippi Valley State in 1984. . . . Virginia's 23–14 loss to Clemson makes the Cavaliers 0-18-1 in Death Valley.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

Offense

Utah quarterback Mike McCoy, a junior, completed 29 of 39 passes for 459 yards and two touchdowns and threw no interceptions in a 41–24 victory over Air Force.

Defense

Cal safety Eric Zomalt had eight tackles and two interceptions, returning one for a TD, and broke up a pass in the end zone with :36 left in a 24–20 upset of Arizona.

Small Colleges

Quarterback Tom Stallings, a senior at St. Thomas in Minnesota, connected on 35 of 63 passes for six TDs and a Division III–record 602 yards in a 42–41 win over Bethel.

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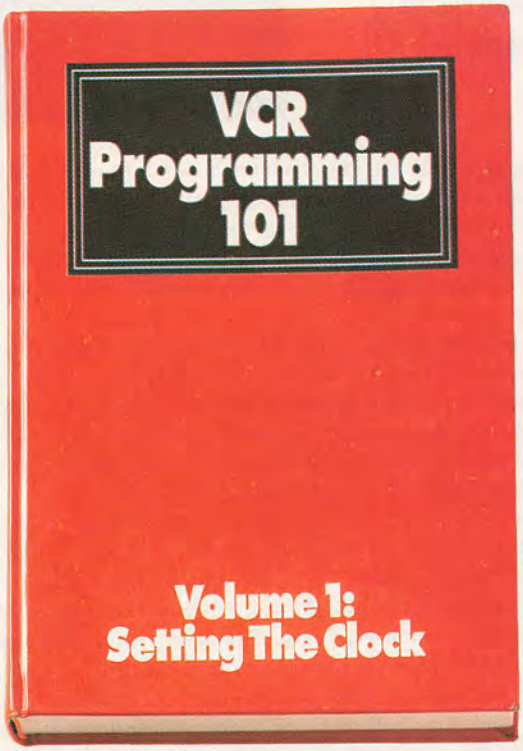

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The Blackest Sunday

Pete Rozelle's decision to play NFL games on the weekend of JFK's death still bothers players who took the field | by PETER KING

BOB GOMEL/LIFE MAGAZINE

THIS WEEK MARKS THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE assassination of President John Kennedy. When Pete Rozelle retired as NFL commissioner in 1989, he said that the biggest mistake of his career had been his decision to go ahead with the games that were scheduled to be played only 48 hours after Kennedy was pronounced dead on Friday afternoon, Nov. 22, 1963. The three-year-old American Football League postponed its games that weekend, and many NFL players were bitter that Rozelle ordered the show to go on as Kennedy's body lay in state in the Capitol. "Worst mistake Rozelle ever made," says Hall of Fame linebacker Sam Huff. Over the years, few have disagreed with that view.

Rozelle's decision was not made lightly. That weekend, he consulted with presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger, who thought that the games should be played. "Absolutely, it was the right decision," says Salinger. "I've never questioned it. This country needed some normalcy, and football, which is a very important game in our society, helped provide it."

Of course, there was nothing normal about that Sunday. Less than an hour before kickoff of the early games, Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. In Pittsburgh, the Bears and the Steelers played to a 17–17 tie. "Before the game you're usually talking about picking up blitzes," says former Pittsburgh running back Dick Hoak. "Instead, we were saying, 'Did you hear that Oswald was shot?' "

In Cleveland, Brown owner Art Modell, fearing that someone might try to seek revenge on the visiting Cowboys, ordered extra security for Dallas owner Clint Murchison. At Yankee Stadium, Cardinal safety Larry Wilson had two interceptions to lead St. Louis to a lackluster 24–17 win over the Giants. "I had two interceptions?" says Wilson. "I would never have known unless you'd told me. All I remember about the game was how emotional the anthem was."

Huff, then with the Giants, had campaigned with Kennedy in Huff's home state of West Virginia before the 1960 primary. Of the game that was played on the Sunday after the assassination, Huff recalls, "That was the only game I ever played on any level that I didn't care about at all. There was no desire, no determination. I kept thinking, This is America? America was a safe haven. Then, all of a sudden, it wasn't. It lives with me to this day."

In Philadelphia, before a 13–10 Washington win, Eagle president Frank McNamee announced that he would not attend the game in protest of Rozelle's decision, and many players were in tears during the national anthem. "When they got ready to kick off," recalls wide receiver Tommy McDonald of the Eagles, "I was still bawling like a baby."

Emotions were raw the night before the game. During a team meeting at which the players set up a fund for the family of slain Dallas policeman J.D. Tippit, 185-pound Philadelphia defensive back Ben Scotti and 260-pound defensive tackle John Mellekas went behind closed doors for a brutal fistfight that put both men in the hospital for three days.

"The game was the strangest thing I've ever been involved in," says King Hill, an Eagle backup quarterback to Sonny Jurgensen on that Sunday. "Officials were officiating it to get it over with. The fans were absolutely dead. It was emotional for me because I was from Texas, and I was ashamed to be from Texas. After the game, I went out to my car, which had Texas plates, and somebody had smashed the windows. That gives you some idea of the frustration of the people that day."

That spring, McDonald was driving somewhere in Philadelphia, and he heard on the radio that he had been traded to Dallas. "You want to know my first reaction?" says McDonald. "I didn't want to go. I thought, Oh, no! They traded me to the place that destroyed the President!"

And Hill has a final recollection—a visit by Robert Kennedy in the '64 preseason to the Eagle locker room. Apparently, like Salinger, the Kennedy family had felt that the games should be played. "He came into our locker room," says Hill, "and went around shaking our hands. He said he appreciated us playing the games that weekend." ■

HERB SCHARFMAN

As Kennedy lay in state, the Giants paused for the national anthem.

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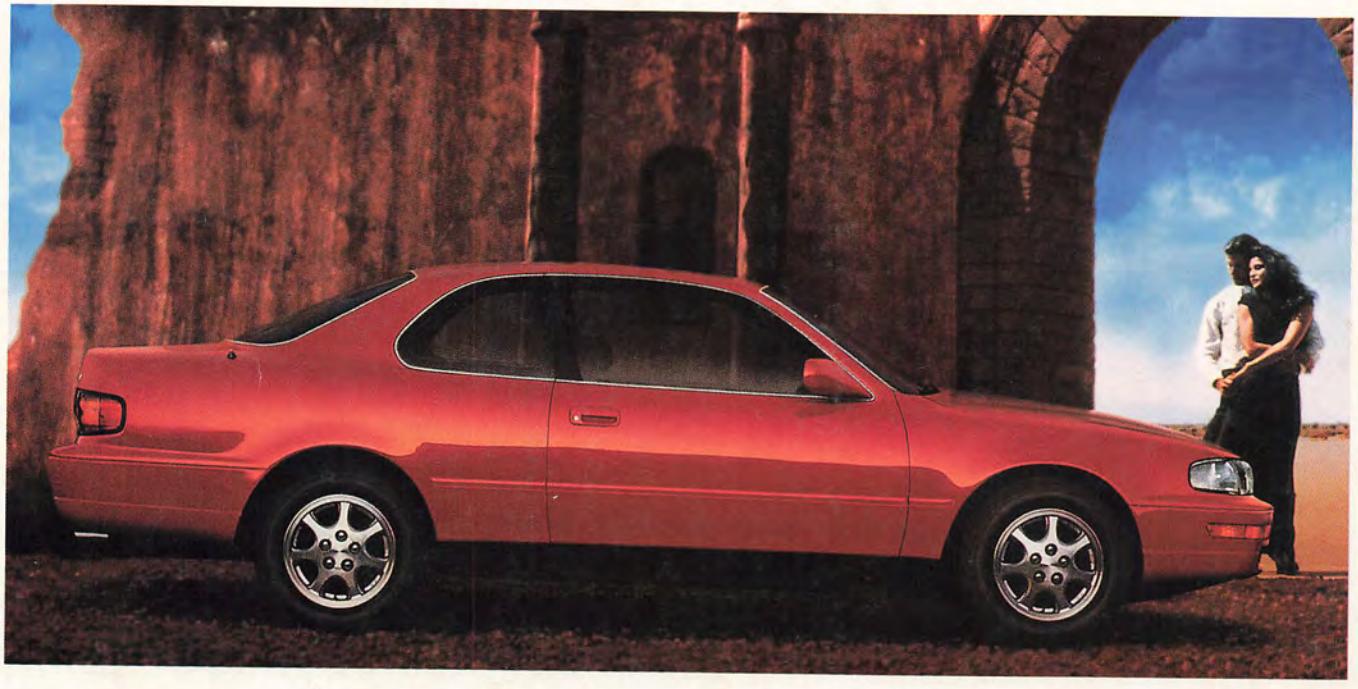

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